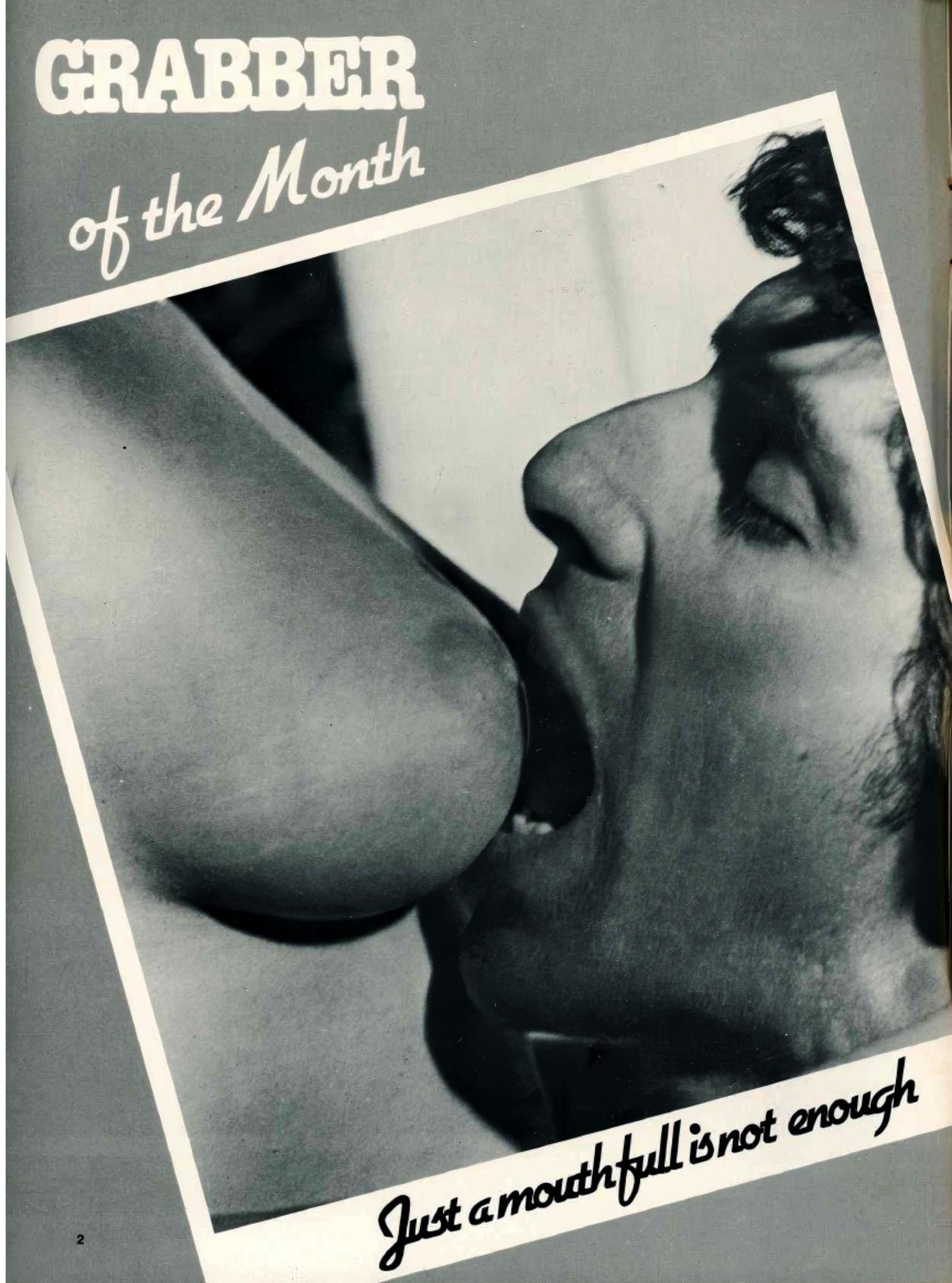




GRABBER

of the Month



Just a mouthfull is not enough

ADAM **Choice**

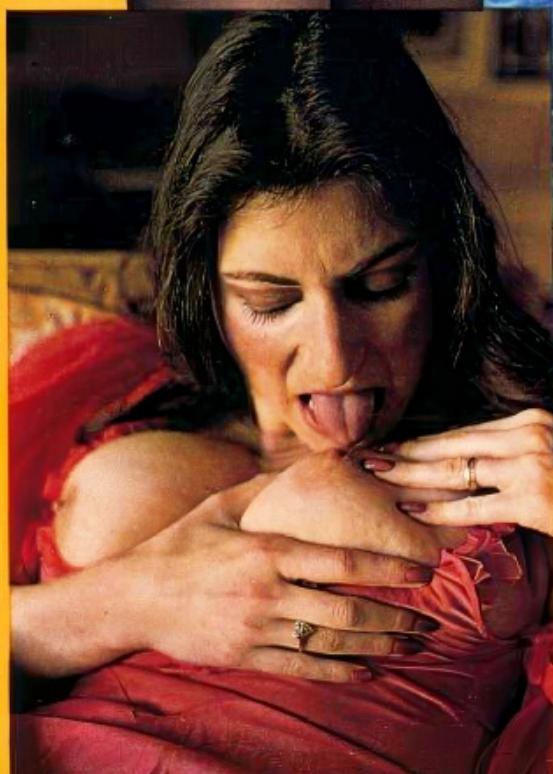
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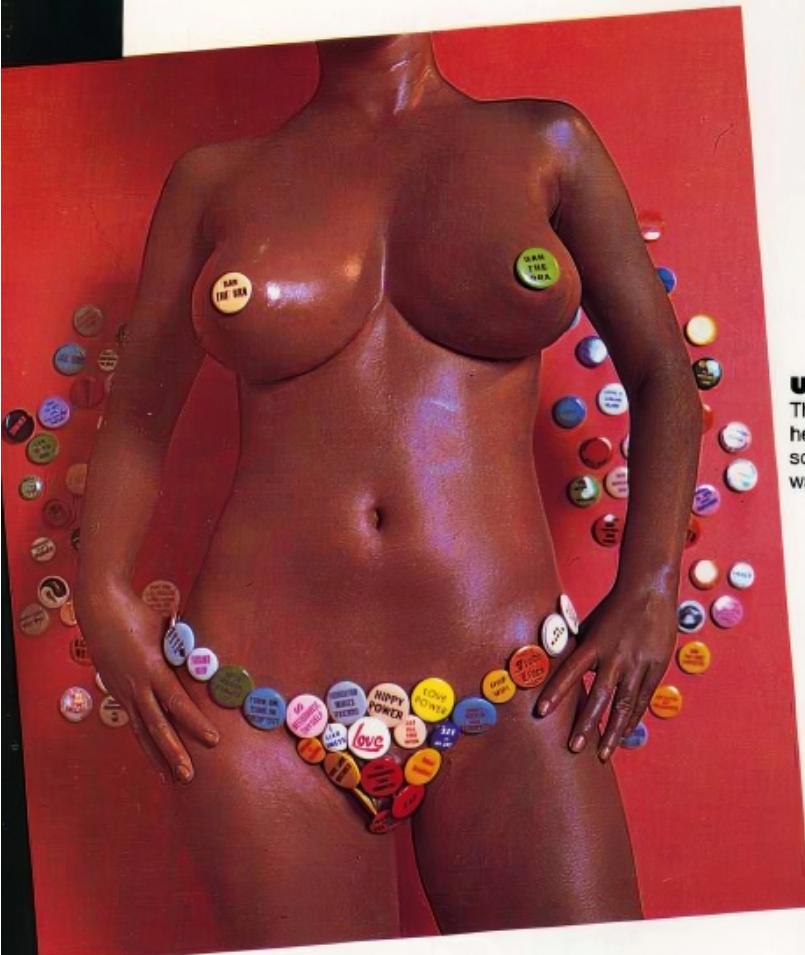
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UP FRONT

BELLY BUTTON EXAMINATION

Photographer William Rotsler takes a close examination of belly dancer Pat Barrington. "It's great fun when the stripper does her whole act right to you," he says. "They get a kick out of it, too—sticking their boobs, bottoms and crotches right into your face, trying to make you break up. But I get even later, after work."



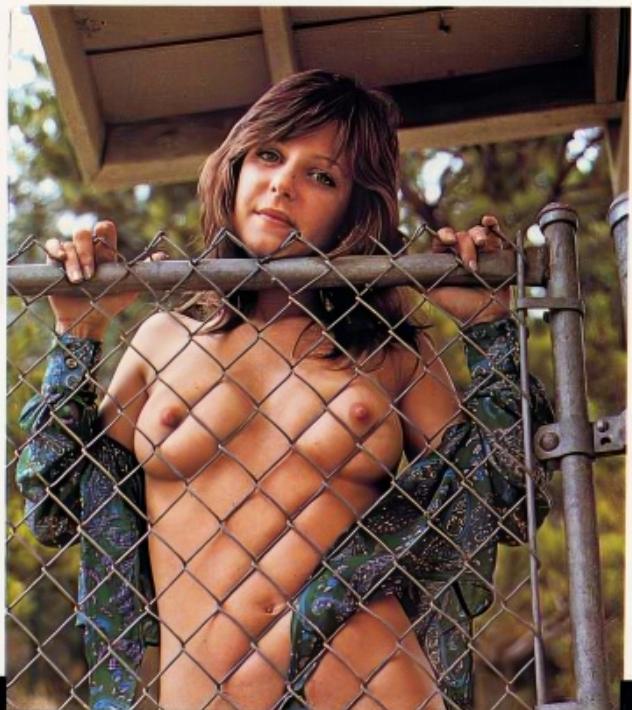
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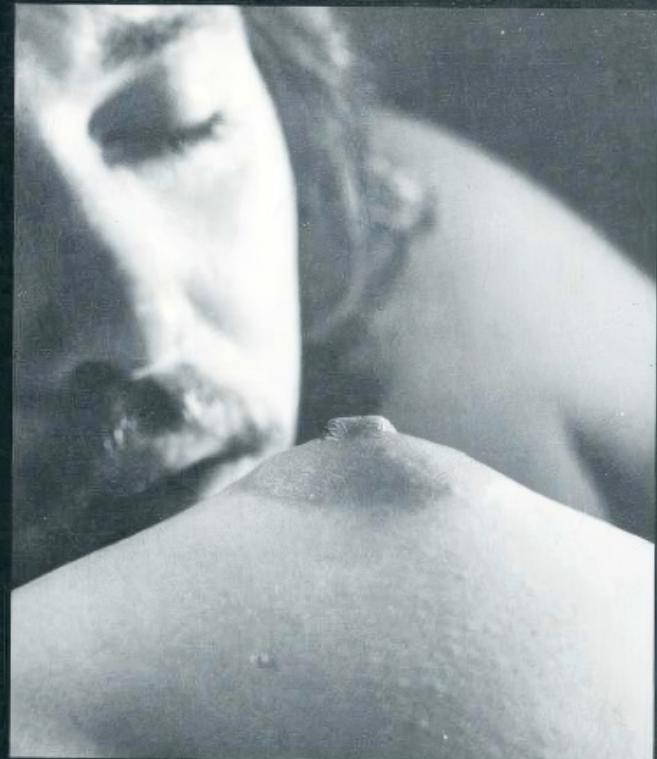
We received this photo in the mail with the following note: "I know my boobs aren't big enough for CHOICE, but I am trying. I believe the only way for exercise to do any good is to really strain yourself, so that's what I'm doing."



UNBUTTONED

The body belongs to a fun-loving actress who wanted to brag about her figure—usually hidden costumes—but without creating any scandal. She chose this "modest" way of displaying her hidden wares, as it were, and will probably let it "leak" who she is later on.





CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE BEST KIND

Remember Richard Dreyfus' obsession with Devil's Tower in that film? Well, this friend of ours has done him one better. He kept seeing this big boob everywhere he looked . . . out the window, on his dinner table, everywhere . . . just couldn't get it off his mind. Finally had to build one. He wouldn't tell us where he got his materials, but it sure looks good enough to eat, don't you think?



IS IT DOLLY OR IS IT CHESTY? ONLY MAMMAREX CAN TELL.

Super stripper Chesty Morgan (73-26-36) appeared in Nashville recently and had an interesting anecdote to relate in her charming Polish accent: while at the dog races in St. Petersburg with her husband—a National League umpire—she was approached by a goggle-eyed fan for an autograph, which delighted the bounteous lady, but surprised her as well, for she'd never appeared professionally in the Sunshine State. "I'm very glad to give you autograph," she said, "but who is it you sink I am?" Replied the adoring fan to the much-more-than statuesque blonde: "Why Dolly Parton, of course!"

Sam Taylor

GOOD SPORT

Linda Seigal caused a sensation at Wimbledon last June when she took the limelight completely away from Billie Jean King, even though Billie Jean won the match. A quick-witted photographer managed to immortalize Linda's best point of the game.



**“Folks are always exaggerating my measurements.
Let them keep wondering. The important thing
is what’s underneath my breasts . . . my heart.”**

DOLLY

As a magazine devoted to the most obviously delightful part of the female anatomy, *Choice* believes that no woman in America is to be more admired than Dolly Parton.

After years of yawning at photos of the breastless wonders who model clothes, act in films and sing on various stages, we salute this talented woman for bringing back the full-figured look, and moreover, to flaunt her charms for all the world to see.

Dolly has never been one to hide her attributes. Perhaps being one of twelve children forced her to become extroverted in order to gain attention. Or maybe it's because she's a cusp child, born on January 19, squarely between Capricorn and Aquarius. Whatever the reasons, Dolly is an original.

Her astonishing figure began to develop at a young age, but her singing talent made itself apparent even earlier. She started singing almost as soon as she could talk, and began making up songs even before she went to school. She built a guitar when she was seven and a year later

received a real one from an uncle. She's been playing and singing ever since.

Dolly's views on sex are as open as her personality. She learned the facts of life in a barn, with her young uncles and cousins as teachers. They played "doctor," exploring and experimenting, finding out in the most natural way that sex was neither dirty nor frightening. She is quite open in saying that she has always loved sex and has never had a bad experience.

As for her magnificent body, Dolly says she was teased a lot as a youngster, because people never believed her oversized breasts were real. She has always refused to divulge her exact dimensions ("They're not important," she says, although we could come up with a convincing argument to the contrary) but she does deny being more than 45 inches around. "I'm just a small, tiny, little person," she says, "and that makes me look bigger than I am. I have plenty, I'm not denying that, but folks are always exaggerating my measurements. Let them keep wondering. The important thing is what's underneath my breasts . . . my heart."

"I can tell you where to put it if I don't like where you got it."



The lucky man who does know everything about Dolly, including her dimensions, is Carl Dean (not Porter Wagoner, as many suppose). He's a Nashville construction contractor who met Dolly on her first day in town, which was also the day she graduated from high school, the first in her family to do so.

"Carl is a very home-based type of person," she says fondly. "He's the most unselfish person I've ever known. We've been together for twelve years . . . married for ten . . . and we've never had an argument. He lets me be free and never interferes with me businesswise. I have managers for that. He has his own thing, working on our farm, helping out other people with his tractor and grader. He's funny and witty and bright, but he has no interest in publicity or show business. That's why he's so good for me. We're so different."

To which we can only add, "Vive la difference!"

In discussing her flamboyant image, Dolly says, "I don't try to dress in style or to be really classy. I like the big wigs and the total artificial look. Sure, it's a gimmick, but I've always gotten attention with this kind of look, so I keep using it. I've always liked to wear my clothes real tight, though. I just like to feel things next to me. I used to wear my skirts so tight I could hardly wiggle in them. And I just loved tight sweaters."

Asked to give a self-appraisal of her personality, Dolly calls herself a fair and honest person. "I'm free and open enough to be able to try new things," she says. "I'm outrageous. I feel like I have a lot of depth that only the people closest to me really see. I can be strong when I need to be and weak when I want to be. I can tell you where to put it if I don't like where you got it. I'm very sentimental and highly emotional."

The sentiment and emotion are evident in her songs, almost all of which she writes herself. And performing those songs is a super high for Dolly. "I get real excited onstage," she says. "I love to sing and perform. It takes me about three hours to come down. I get so excited over a certain moment onstage, I could just swear that it's the same thing as sex."

A lot of Dolly's fans feel the same way. ☺

A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark hair, sitting on a weathered green wooden deck chair. She is nude, wearing black sheer stockings and black high-heeled boots. Her right hand is resting on her right breast, and she is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a lush, tropical jungle with large green leaves. In the upper right corner, there is a red graphic element consisting of two overlapping diagonal bars. The top bar contains the text "The Sky's" and the bottom bar contains the text "The Limit", both in a white, stylized, handwritten font.

The Sky's

The Limit



I really enjoy it when I see a man's face light up when he sees me. It gives me a delicious, deep-down-warm feeling! I get a big kick out of how men react to a woman with a generous bosom. Being a woman with a generous bosom I feel very friendly toward the kind of man who appreciates that kind of female.

I'm not a very tall woman—only 5'3"—which is only 63 inches, but I'm 44 inches around the chest! (People always ask me that, so I'm telling the world right off!)

These are the only nude photos I've ever had taken, booby fans, so feast! I really enjoyed having the pictures taken, and I think they came out very nicely. The photographer made me laugh because he said I looked like a madonna and was built better than any hooker! If only he knew!

I am certainly no madonna. I think it would be a terrible waste if I didn't use what nature gave me. I think the men I've been with would agree to that. I try to live up to the "promise" which men seem to think my figure gives them. On the other hand, some time men have fantasies which no woman could fulfill. (I try, though, I try.)

I enjoy nudity and traipsing around naked, turning my male friends on. I love it when men get erections, and most especially, naturally, when I am the one that caused it! I jiggle a bit when I walk, but I'm pretty firm, too. One boy friend said I had just the proper balance of jiggle and firmness. He had both hands on them at the time so I guess he was right.

I exercise a lot, dance, ride bicycles, swim. Of course, fornication is one of

the better ways to exercise. I've never been with two men at once, but I imagine that would be even more exercise. The one and only time I was at anything you might call an orgy, I didn't really have two men, but . . . well, read this.

I'd heard about orgies for a long time, but I'd never actually been to one, nor knew anyone who had. It was always "the friend of a friend." I was getting very curious, I'll admit. Then a boy friend of mine, who knew about my interest, was given an invitation. Frankly, we both thought it was going to be a rip-off. But we went, anyway.

Turned out it was a hard-core swinger party. There were only fourteen people all together, but they were very attractive, all of them. We had drinks and then someone put on a sexy piece of music and this one funny







girl started a strip. That set us off and . . . well, pretty soon it was grope, grope, grope and *groepe*. Not much light, but lots of loving!

At one point I was kneeling over this groovy looking guy, guiding his fine big cock into me when a couple—a man and a woman!—approached me from either side. They began to stroke and kiss my breasts, to suck up the nipple and tongue it with a certain zest that I admit excited me. Even if I hadn't been penetrated by a rather excellent fucker I would have been heated to the boiling point by those two!

I'd never had a woman do anything like that and since she, too, was "top heavy" I played with her breasts a little. But pretty soon I was just too excited, too near the climax to even

think about anything but that terrific, fantastic, exploding happening that was going on in my crotch! I came and came and came!

That was the highlight of the orgy, although I'd frenched one guy before, another after, and finished off with a nice slow 'n' easy fuck with my boy friend, just us, all by ourselves.

But having that kind of threesome attention is something I intend to do again. Except I can't find anyone giving an orgy, damnit! As soon as I do, I'm going to jump right in. And this time, I'm not going to waste time! I know what I like and I intend to get it!

If there's any tit-men there, as soon as I take off my top they will come running, I just know it. From then on—the sky is the limit! ☺

P**PICS FROM READERS**

"Oh, yeah? You're going to send a naked picture of me to a *magazine*?" That's what my wife Gloria said when I took this picture, but when she saw it she thought it didn't look bad and here it is. Isn't that a great body? She also knows her way around a bedroom, as my father used to say.

Len, Bala Cynwyd, New York



You asked for another picture of my girl friend, and she was happy to oblige. She says it gives her prickles to think of thousands of men looking at her naked.

B.H., Nashville, Tenn.



Thought you might enjoy this pic of a pool party I threw recently at my place. H.H., Beverly Hills, CA

My girlfriend runs around the house like this all the time, but this is the only photo of her I've been able to get without her throwing a fit. She can't cook worth a damn, but who cares?

C.B., Tulsa, Oklahoma



This is Erica, who lives next door. I saw her sunbathing and snapped her over the back hedge. Then I jumped over it myself. Thank god it wasn't poison ivy. RW, Tampa, FLA



This is my wife, who I've been calling "Sunny" ever since she got that great tan. Haven't gotten her pregnant yet, but I'm sure keeping her barefoot ... all over. BW, Scottsdale, Arizona



Susan and I just got married about six months ago. The other day, while we were messing around the pool I pulled out my camera and snapped a few. When I suggested sending some of them in to you, she said, "Why not?"

WB, Woodland Hills, Calif.



I like the luxury of a long bubble bath and this crazy boy friend of mine likes to take sneaky pictures of me. Then he dared me to send one to your magazine! He said you'd want to know that I'm 38-22-36 and am 5'2"-do you want to know things like that? The idea of appearing nude in a magazine makes me feel funny. Eleanor, Houston, Texas

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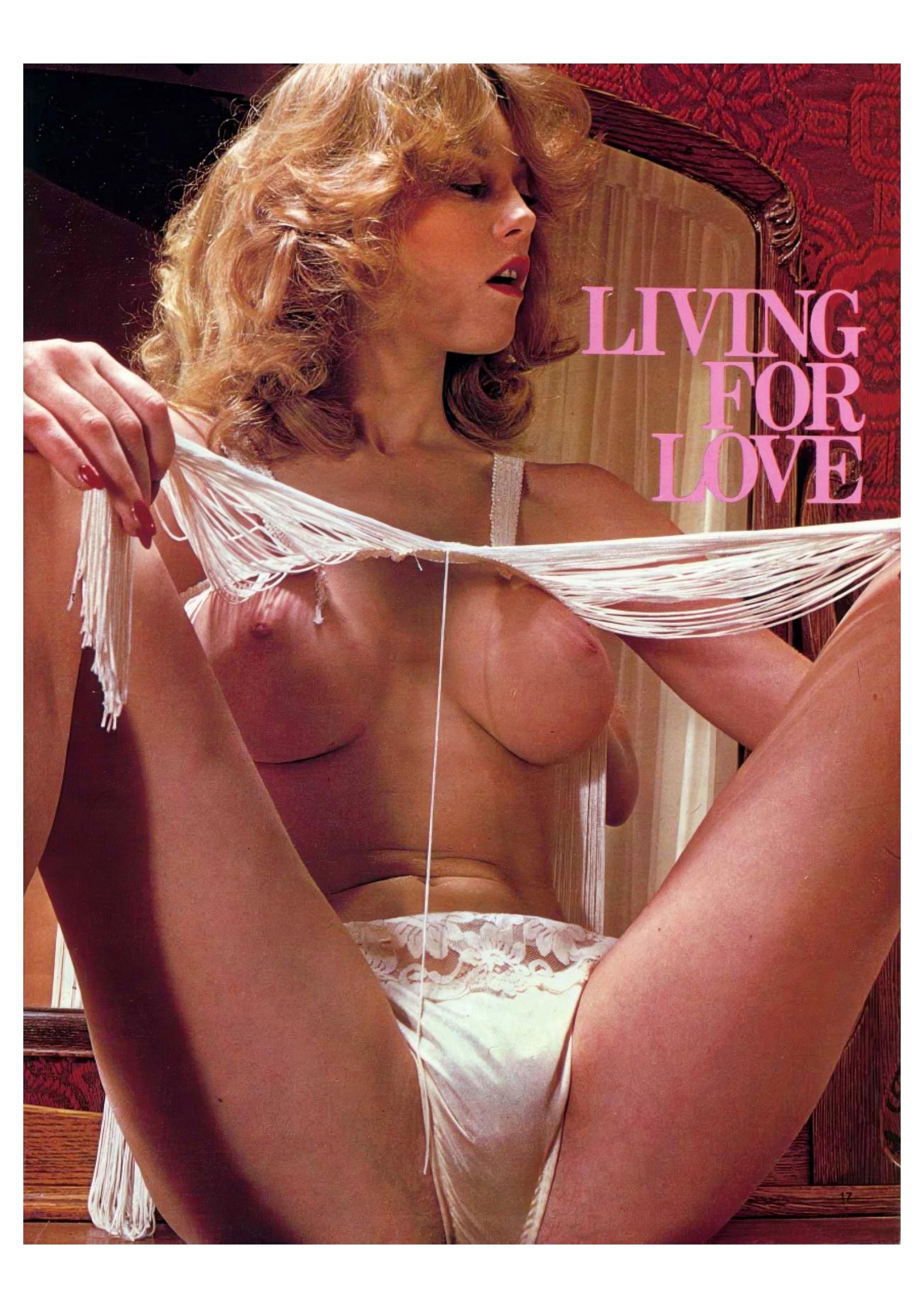
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P.S. Official CHOICE T-Shirts now available at \$15.00 each. Send payment and specify small, medium, large or extra large with your order.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white lace lingerie set, is leaning against a dark wooden piano. She is looking off to the side. The background features a red, textured curtain. The text "LIVING FOR LOVE" is overlaid in large, pink, sans-serif capital letters.

LIVING
FOR
LOVE



I like to make love and I don't care who knows it. Ever since that first time, which wasn't too long ago, I've been hooked on sex! I can see why some women go into prostitution . . . because they love their work. I don't know about selling it, but giving it away is sure a lot of fun! When I'm not making love, I'm thinking about it. I have this fantasy that I conjure up in my head where there's a whole group of guys and they all want my body. I'm about half stoned, not on grass or anything, just the thought of making love to so many wonderful guys is turning me on. I'm in this dreamy mood and when the first guy comes to me out of a mist, I take him and we kiss, then he feels my big breasts and before he even fucks me, I almost come! I love it when men play with my breasts and this man has large hands and loves titties. He squeezes them and pinches the nipples, then he pulls me down and I feel his hard cock that he had slipped out of his pants, up against my breasts. He pushes them together and begins to fuck me slowly between the tits. This about drives me wild and I go all out, moving my body, squashing my tits against his hard prick until he comes, all over my chest! The next thing I feel is a hard cock rubbing my back. I move around so that I can take it from behind, while another guy comes around in front of me and begins to fuck my tits. By this time I have reached orgasm several times and am almost exhausted, but not tired enough to stop. I keep on fucking and fucking until I satisfy all the guys who wanted to ball me. What a dream . . . what a life!





PERSIAN PUSSY

I love it in America! You can fook
and no one says anything! You can
dance with boozums bare and people smile!

Lilia Mardan Kobad is from Persia, or Iran, if you prefer the modern name for this ancient land. Her ancestors were warriors for Darius the Great, and for the scores of kings, regents and shahs that followed. She learned her skill as a belly dancer in Tehran when she was still a child. She was born high on the Iranian Plateau, at Yazd, one of seven children.

She speaks English somewhat erratically, French only slightly better. When asked to supply us with some kind of article about herself she threw up her hands and uttered a streak of words we did not understand. What they added up to was that she couldn't write, not in English, anyway, and wanted me to do it. We shrugged and spent all of two evenings in a tiny dressing room at the Greek club where she was appearing, scrunched into a corner so she could change. We conducted the interview in fits, starts, and tiny bursts, with her bare breasts sticking into our face as she reached over us to get or replace parts of her costume. I resisted the temptation to do things with my mouth and hands. (Besides, she has a temper.)

CHOICE: How do you like it here in America? How long have you been here?

LILIA: I love it in America! You can fook and no one says anything! You can dance with the boozums bare and people smile. You do not get arrested!

CHOICE: "Fook?"

LILIA: You know fook? (She made a pumping motion with her hips and smiled brightly, holding her arms

around an invisible man.) *Fook.* Good to fook, no?

CHOICE: That's *fuck*.

LILIA: Yes, fook. You fook? You look like you good at fook.

CHOICE: Yes, I, uh, fook. You look as though you'd be good at it, too.

LILIA: Oh, I am, you no can tell? (More hip motions.) I very good. I dance good, I fook good, but I no speak English good. English is very, how you say, tough shit language. Persian easier. You speak?

CHOICE: No. I barely speak American. Uh, do you mind me asking you intimate questions? You understand I'm writing this article?

LILIA: Yes, yes, I understand. You write words to make men stand up. To go with pictures of Lilia that make men hard, no?

CHOICE: Uh, yes. I guess that's the idea. You, uh, enjoy fucking then? Do you fuck, uh, make love much?

LILIA: I fook a lot. I make love sometimes. Lilia fall in love sometimes. I love Americans. They tall and blonde and very strong. They think I am sexy. Is Lilia sexy to you?

CHOICE: (Looking at her figure, which, except for jewelry, was completely naked:) Yes. I think I can say that. Yes, I'd say that, definitely.

LILIA: You no think I have too much down here? (She took a handful of very luxuriant pubic hair and pulled her pelvis forward.)

CHOICE: Well, uh, you do have a lot. I think, uh, that Americans like, um, a little less.

LILIA: You trim? (She handed me a pair of scissors, put one foot on the

chair next to my thigh, put her hand on the flat of her stomach and tilted her pelvis toward me.) Go ahead. Only no cut Lilia. That is precious pussy. That how you say it, precious pussy?

CHOICE: Yes, uh, that's, uh, right, uh-huh.

LILIA: Cut, cut. Not too much. Careful of Lilia's cunt. That dirty word, huh—cunt? I like it. *Cunt.* Fook word. I like fook words. Take a little more there. Yes, good. Is that better? Not too much? Don't show pretty pussy on stage, no. Not in belly dance places. I go to nude dance places. Girls, they can't dance. They do bump, bump, bumpety-bump, that's all. Disco. (She made a raspberry.) That not dancing.

CHOICE: That okay? I've never trimmed a woman's, uh, pubic hair before.

LILIA: Is fine. I shave once, but I don't like it. Once you shave, you got to keep shaving. And the men complain.

CHOICE: Well, some guys like pubic hair and there's the smell—

LILIA: No, no, they don't like shaved pussy because, no, unless it is fresh-shaved. Bristle? That the word, bristle? They put their faces there and it like they kissing a man. (She laughs). You go down good? Some men no good at going down. You good?

CHOICE: Uh, I've done it. I mean, I know how and all, but . . .

LILIA: You no know how. You Americans. You think it dirty. You fook, that's all you do. Kiss the cunt, you think that bad, that like kissing the pee.

CHOICE: I don't think it's dirty, it's



just, well, I haven't had much practice. I'm only 23, for crying out loud. I'm trying to learn.

LILIA: You no learn on Lilia. You learn good, you come back. You trim pussy good, but . . . (We were interrupted by the manager, who said through the door it was time. After she did her number we returned to the dressing room, she smelling of perfume and sweat. She undressed completely, without any embarrassment, and redid her makeup as we talked.)

CHOICE: About what we were talking about. It's not that I haven't done it, you understand, it's just that I wouldn't call myself an *expert*, if you follow me.

LILIA: Lilia like pussylickers. (She gave a quiver and hugged herself. Her breasts bobbed.) But I'm not selfish. I do men, too, and I'm good. With the mouth, you know. Very good. (She grinned at me.) You ever suck a cock?

CHOICE: No!

LILIA: (Shrugged.) It's fun. Men are— (We were interrupted by one of the musicians and a ten-minute conversation ensued. She barely covered herself when he opened the door and the robe slipped a number of times. She didn't seem to care. But after that, she asked me to leave. I watched her next show from the audience and she put one of her veils around my neck when she danced. I returned two nights later, and we resumed the interview.)

LILIA: I fresh fooked. Lilia feel very good.

CHOICE: You mean, you just . . .

LILIA: Sure, this afternoon. Big, tall, handsome blond man with big, tall prick. Very strong. Go very long. Belly dancers are very good, you know. All those muscles down here.

CHOICE: I'm sure. (She had not put on her stage makeup and wore street makeup, which was not so extreme.) You like wearing makeup? You look, uh, younger without it.

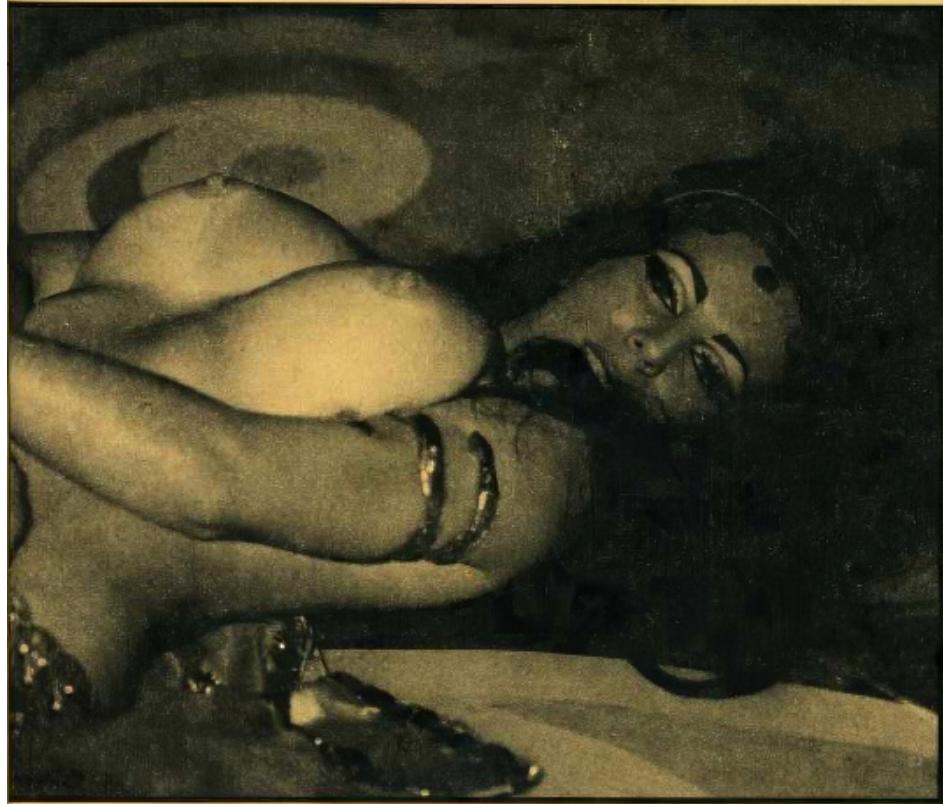
LILIA: Yes, I know. But belly dancers work for years and years and ten, fifteen years from now the men will remember Lilia and say "You haven't changed." They want a good memory of me. Men are dreamers, you know. My boozums stay up, my body stay good. Look how hard I am! (She thrust forward a bare belly and thumped it, challenging me to do likewise. I did and she was, indeed, very hard.)

CHOICE: You are a marvelous shape, all right. How do you do it?

LILIA: Dancing and fooking. Both are very good, yes?

CHOICE: The way you dance they are much the same!

LILIA: Thank you. I think of fooking when I dance. I look at a man in the



club and I imagine fooking him.

CHOICE: Isn't that a pretty standard method for bellydancers? They all seem to focus on one man, then another and another.

LILIA: Yes, but I think of fooking, not just looking.

CHOICE: You looked at me the other night. Ah, did you, um . . . ?

LILIA: (Laughing) Yes! You are surprised? I don't mean it personal!

CHOICE: How can fooking, uh, fucking *not* be personal?

LILIA: Oh, fooking always, how you say, impersonal. Making *love* is personal. Fooking is for fun, for the pleasure. Making the love is for loving. Simple, no?

CHOICE: Apparently. Were you trained in love-making as you were trained in dancing?

LILIA: Not the same way, but by some of the people, yes. My musicians, sometimes. Owners of clubs, powerful men. Here in America it is different. Here Lilia fook and make love when she wants to and with whom she wants. Not like Persia.

CHOICE: You had to, there?

LILIA: (Shrugging) Sometimes. Men are powerful there, and some men are very powerful. If they want you, you better go see them. Or maybe they find something wrong with your papers, with the license for the place you work. There are many laws. It is better you go fook and stay out of trouble. Sometimes you are the lover of some power-

ful man and if this is known other men leave you alone. That is good, providing the man who fooks you is strong enough, powerful enough.

CHOICE: Sounds like women are just used . . .

LILIA: Of course. That is how it has always been, no? But women have ways. You please a man, you can make him do things. It is not hard. You make him want you very much. You give him something he cannot get with other women—or thinks he cannot—and he is your pet.

CHOICE: You mean, like say, fellatio or—?

LILIA: Pooh. Everyone suck the cock there. Men, Arab men, they fook little boys, too, in the ass, in the mouth. Same with women. No big deal. That right, "no big deal?" Yes, no big deal. I fook more with my mouth in Persia than my pleasant pussy. I do it many ways. You know of the beads up the bottom? Pull out as man comes, make him come big? We do that. Cabaret girls all know how to fook with the mouth in Persia. You keep job that way, when you are starting, when you are young. It is expected. No big deal. But in private, not in movies, like here. In homes, in offices. Private, between man and woman. No big deal.

CHOICE: You don't like pornography on the screen?

LILIA: No. No mystery. What man want when he see everything, know everything? Floodlights up pretty

pussy, close-ups on everything. Man comes in slow pictures—

CHOICE: Slow motion?

LILIA: Yes, slow pictures. I see pornographical movies here. I see *Sex World* with robots. No mystery, see everything. I see this *Deep Throat* and *The Satan in Miss Jones*. No big deal, this Linda Lovelace. I can do that.

CHOICE: Deep throat technique?

LILIA: Yes. Old, old trick. Learn as girl. Man from Istanbul teach me. He have thing like horse, he show me how to fook with throat. This *Satan and Miss Jones*—

CHOICE: *The Devil and Miss Jones*?

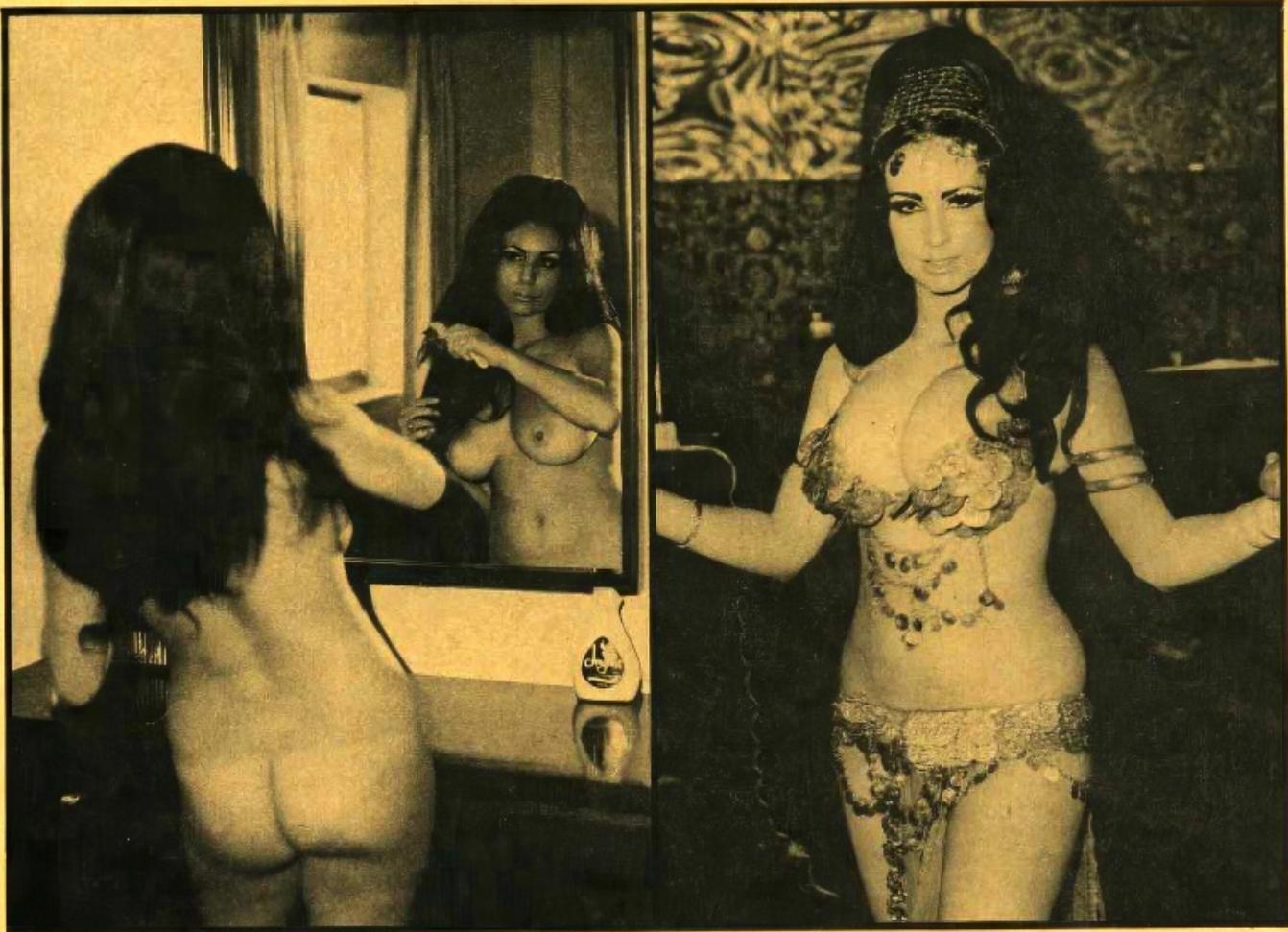
LILIA: Yes. Much fooking up the bottom, no? Very nice, very nice. Only they no show how you need—how do you say greasy—?

CHOICE: Lubricant? K-Y Jelly? Vaseline? Butter?

LILIA: Yes, the stuff you need to fook in bottom of woman. Spit no good, dry out fast. They do it in that movie a lot, yes? Lilia know all about that. Lilia know police—that right, police?—police officer, important man. He do it to Lilia in cell.

CHOICE: He arrested you and made you do anal sex? Here?

LILIA: No arrest. Not here, in Persia. Like to do it in cell. (She shrugs.) Maybe he do it to young boys in prison. He see Lilia, he want, he talk to owner of cabaret. I no have sponsor. (Shrugs) I go to see him at prison. He likes bosoms, likes to do it in cell.



America insane about skinny women with giant
boozums who look like they drink milk. Miss
America all smiles . . . No chest, no boozums barely.

CHOICE: Wow. They'd have his ass here!

LILIA: You make joke! They have Lilia ass!

CHOICE: Do you, uh, like it like that? I mean, you know, from behind?

LILIA: (Shrugs) It okay. Ass very tight, you know, give man a great fook. No worry about making baby. Here, in the U.S. and A. I take the Pill. (Pats breasts) Makes boozums big! Very tight.

CHOICE: Do you get turned on when you are dancing and imagining making it with the men you see? You understand "turned on?" Sexually excited?

LILIA: I know. Sometimes. I am not person who is always ready to fook. Sometimes I want, sometimes no. Want to eat, sleep, eat the forbidden candy, watch your American television. When I want to fook, no problem. Always someone who wants to fook with Lilia.

CHOICE: Yes, I imagine so. Then

dancing doesn't turn you on, *per se*?

LILIA: You mean, just dancing? No, I feel good when dancing, feel strong and sexual and beautiful. Sometimes I like to come from dancing and fook good. The musicians know this. (Laughs) I like to fook.

CHOICE: I've gathered that. What do you intend to do in the future?

LILIA: Become an American citizen. I study the books. But it is hard to become American. They do not want belly dancer or musician. I must say I am something else. Teacher of dance, maybe. They say they want people to be Americans that have something to contribute. (Shakes her torso.) I get them here, see what Lilia has to contribute, no? But after that, I dance. And I marry some rich man and I have strong lovers who like to fook a lot.

CHOICE: Sounds like a perfect plan. Eat your cake and have it, too.

LILIA: No cake. Fattening. I must watch. In Persia they like dancers

plump. Not in America. America insane about skinny women with giant boozums who look like they drink milk. Have you seen Miss America? Miss U.S. and A.? They all smiles and bloneness and *blah*. No zest to them! No chest, no boozums barely. None look like they ever fook at all. Americans crazy. They all crazy for boozums, crazy to fook, but they choose queens with no experience, no boozums, never have cock up bottom, never *see* the cock! Crazy, crazy. Never understand.

CHOICE: Well, I guess that's the interview. Thank you very much.

LILIA: You stay and see Lilia, dance? I have you put down front. I look at you and think about the fooking, yes? You stay? Applaud Lilia?

CHOICE: Definitely. And I'll be thinking, too. Maybe when you finish we can go have a cup of coffee?

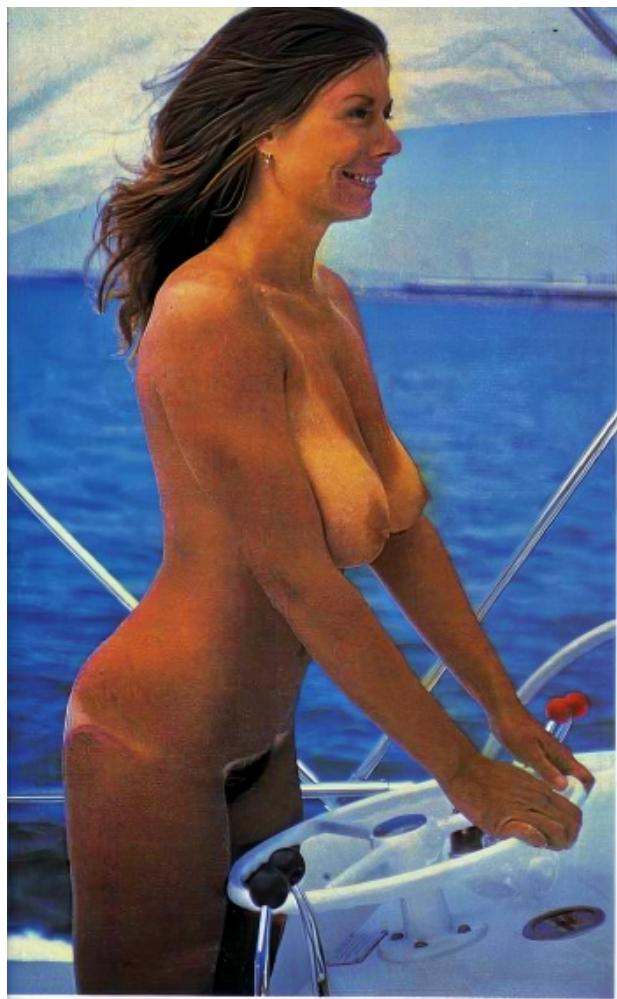
LILIA: Not American coffee. Too thin. Like the women. ☺



ADRIENNE AT THE WHEEL

Back when CHOICE was still just an idea, we asked Adrienne if she would model for a big breasted magazine that we were thinking about putting out. At first, she refused, but we're a pretty persistent lot and kept asking her. And she kept refusing. Then, one day our photographer mentioned that Adrienne, who we knew loved the beach, had never been on a yacht. After a couple of quick phone calls, we finally secured a thirty-two footer down in Newport Beach. As you can see, lovely Adrienne couldn't resist any longer. "At first I was nervous. Not about posing nude, that never really bothered me, but about the yacht. I'd never been so far from land!" From what we heard, however, Adrienne so took to the sea that by mid-afternoon she pushed aside the helmsman and took over the wheel!







Adventures in BOOBLAND



CHARLES M., PLUMBER, KANSAS: I married twins. Note that I did not say I had married "a" twin. I didn't know I was marrying the full set, however. Here's how I found out.

Pat and Alison are brunettes, well-built to the point of having (between them) four large cantaloupes. They dress identical, sound alike and have almost identical tastes in everything. They were two classes behind me in high school and I dated (I think) Pat for my Senior Prom.

Pat and I were married three years ago and while we had had sex a few times before, it had not been extensive, I'm sorry to say. She's very passionate and anything done to or with her breasts gets her wildly excited. I suspect (though do not know for certain) that Pat and Alison have made love together, but with them it would be more like masturbation, not lesbianism.

On our wedding night Pat was very passionate and we made love until, frankly, I was worn out. She and I moved to this house a few months later and Alison rented the garage apartment, but she was in our house more than her own. The two girls are a closed corporation, and hardly have any girl friends at all. Sometimes I've felt like an intruder.

But frankly, I got suspicious. I asked Pat if she wanted to see *Alien* with me, but she said it was too scary, yet at a party I heard her talking to someone about it just as if she'd seen it. Then she seemed to have forgotten a couple of things I said. Now remember that most of the time I have a hard time telling these two apart. Unlike some twins they work at looking alike. But I knew . . .

or so I thought.

But the *Alien* thing got me thinking. After we made love one night (Pat sleeps very soundly then) I got up and found the iodine and put an X on her right sole. Two nights later it wasn't there . . . and the next night it was there, faded and almost gone! (You see, I thought few people really look at the bottom of their feet.)

There was only one answer: my busty wife and my equally bosomy sister-in-law were trading! It was very exciting . . . and it explained the marathon passion. I finally brought it up and Pat confessed that they also found it exciting. They had even switched on our wedding night! (Which explains some of the odd comings and goings—but I had been too pooped to care, at the time.)

It's fantastic now. They've found a new game—threesomes! Imagine being in bed with mirror lookalikes, with four big firm breasts on either side of you, with writhing, panting women who can get off in stereo when you are sucking on their tits!?

I don't know how long this can go on. I might just wear completely out. Alison says she's thinking of getting married and the girls are talking of moving into side-by-side houses. I know what's coming, and frankly, I'm not against it. Satisfying two women the same night may sound like paradise to some, but night after night after night . . . well, I'm only made of flesh.

But if Alison marries this Jeff, I'm not going to tell him. I don't mind if Pat screws him . . . she and Alison are, for all intents and purposes, interchangeable units.

And I'll get some rest.

PHIL, 32, ENGINEER: I used to play piano in this little bar when I was going to school. I couldn't sing, but I play everything everybody asks for so I worked steady in the evenings. At this one place the manager wanted to fuck this singer, who had the biggest knockers I had ever seen in my life! He hired her in the hopes of climbing those mountains, but she wasn't going to let him get past the foothills.

She sang, I played and naturally we got to know each other. Sometimes we'd meet in the bar to practice. I got so turned on by those big tits—which she displayed like precious jewels, wearing low-cut dresses that were form-fitting—that I changed my whole style of playing. I got to hunching over, looking down, because if I looked at her—standing right at my shoulder or just a few feet away—I'd sometimes hit a glinch.

One night, after work, she was smashed. She'd gotten drunk during the evening from all the free drinks she was always offered but usually refused. Turns out she'd been having a big affair with a guy and he'd run out on her—back to a wife she didn't know he had.

One thing led to another and she and I ended up fucking like demented mink in her little apartment! It was wild and she taught me things I had only heard about. (I was barely 21 and she was about 27.) Those breasts of hers were even bigger out of their confines and she loved to just smother me with them!



Well, we fucked every night after work for about three months. She delighted in "instructing" me in sex the way she liked it . . . and she liked it varied! I used to fuck up between those mountains of hers, right up that valley into the cave of her mouth. My playing got even more hunched, because now every time I looked at her, I saw her naked. She used to give me

looks when some lyric would be appropriate. Like she and I worked out a medly that referred to her breasts—"I'll climb every mountain" (a look at me) and "I did it my way" and so on.

But then it changed. She was too old for me. I was going away to college. She was just a saloon singer—I was going to be somebody. Those were the laments. Finally one night, after everyone had gone (including the cleanup), about three in the morning, she and I fucked right there in the bar, on the pianotop, reflected in the bar mirrors. I humped her good—in the mouth, in the cunt, and at her insistence, for the first time, up the ass. She held on tight, her breasts squashed down on the pianotop, gripping the keyboard, and I did it.

And the next night she didn't show. Never saw her again. I went to college, got my degree, and every time I passed a bar with a saloon singer I went in to see. Still do. But none of them have been my big-titted canary.

But on the other hand, I know a lot more about sex than I did five years ago. And I practice it a lot. There's this little draughtsperson with knockers like concrete abutments who mews like a kitten when you suck on her . . .



LES, AGE AND OCCUPATION UNKNOWN:

I'm kind of a short guy—only five-feet five—but my steady girl friend for over three years is five eight in her stocking feet! Not only that, but she's got extra big boobs and let me tell you, I'm a big boob fan!

The great thing about being shorter than her is that when we're screwing I can suck on either of her tits. Tall guys can't do that, she says,

and she is really into having her knockers played with. I haven't found all that many advantages to being a little under the average, but this is one hell of an advantage!

Her name is Helen and we got together because of me being kinda short, too. It was at a party—she got up from a couch just as I was passing and her left boob went whacko right into my face! We were both embarrassed, but it turned us both on, too, for some reason (hah!) and we kept looking at each other for about an hour, looking across the room and all. Finally she came over to me and started talking about something or other. She was wearing heels and was damn near six feet tall! But we found out when horizontal, height makes no difference at all!

She asked me for a date—honest!—well, she suggested, "Why don't we go to that movie together?" which is the same thing, really. We did and on our second date I made a pass after I brought her back to her place. It was kind of awkward and embarrassing—until I got a good suck on those big tits, then she really just went apeshit! Moans, groans, pants—the whole sound effects record!

I've known some busty women before and most of them like getting their titties sucked, but one of the nicest sets I have ever gotten next to didn't like it! What a disappointment! She was too sensitive or something—a little rubbing or sucking made her quiver—but not in ecstasy! But all the others loved it and when you are a tit-sucking fan like me, you learn how real good!

ROY, 37, MECHANIC: When my wife got pregnant her breasts got really big. She had nice C-cups before, but when she was pregnant with Jeffy, she got big. And hard! I used to really get off on that, and I think we fucked more during her pregnancy than before! She kind of thought it was weird and at first she thought I was really odd, because she thought I was excited by her pregnancy—but then she realized it was her big new (and temporary!) set of boobs.

I got almost as much of her milk after Jeffy was born than he did. After awhile, though, she went back to a softer size and feel—and I got less heated up. But, damn, I remember! Just remembering can get me excited, sometimes.

GEORGE, 64, RETIRED CARPENTER: I'm not too old for your magazine, you know. I'm old, but I

haven't forgotten what it was like to feel a hefty set of fine breasts in my hands, by god. I was in the Army before Pearl Harbor and I got sent around to different ports, and I never saved a dime! I spent it all on whores, by god!

I used to go to this place in Panama, and two places in Honolulu, and knew of some spots in different ports where they had some properly built women. There was this girl, Maria Elena was her name, in Panama City. Had tits like sixteen-inch guns, by god. Stuck right out. She was about sixteen, seventeen maybe. But she was so proud of them big guns of hers. Big, dark nipples, kind of shiny. Golden-brown skin. Probably a great-grandmother by now, but by god, she could fuck. I swear she got off on my sucking on this tits of hers, but that's something you never know about whores.

In Honolulu there was this place—what a whorehouse! They wrote a book or two about it, making up stuff so they wouldn't get in trouble, I guess. Called her "Mamie Stover" in the book, but her real name was [deleted] but she had a big set, and hired a lot of whores with big seats as well. Man, that is something to go in a place like that and look around at a lot of half-dressed women and just pick one. Fuck the money, I said. Especially when it looked like war and then when the war started, what the hell did we need money for, huh? Spent it on good-whores and good booze, we did.

There was this whore in San Diego. Blonde, Swede or Finn, I think. Big jugs, by god, like 16-inch-shells. You could smother between those things! I used to look her up every time we hit port. Damn near proposed to her once, but I was drunk.

What I really regret is that they didn't have these fancy Polaroid camera things like they do now. You had one hell of a time getting any film processed that had nudes on them then. I'd love to have some shots of those big-titted babes, I tell you. I remember once, my buddy, Carney, he came into the room where I was screwing around with the blonde Swede (or Finn) and I looked out from under those big jugs and he and his sweetie broke up—said I looked funny. I'd like to have a picture of that.

There was a whore in San Francisco, around what they call North Beach now, who was Chinese and something, but she had a great set of tits. Damn! I'd love to see pictures of a big-titted Japanese or Chinese girl. I'm not too old to screw one, either, by god!

**BENNY, 22, OFFICE WORKER:**

There was this woman working in our building that should be in your magazine! She was the biggest busted woman I've ever seen in person. She was a little older, 26-28 maybe. We'd see each other at noon, in the mornings sometimes, and now and then. I knew her name (Tricia) and the company she worked for in our building. But other than a casual "Hi" I hadn't spoken to her.

Then one day I had to go down one floor, and decided to take the stairs instead of the elevator. When the door closed *behind* me I heard this plaintive cry a floor above. I found Tricia had been locked out into the stairwell. All the doors up and down, top to bottom, were locked! (Against the law, you know.) We tried to pound on every door, but it was late in the day and no one heard us! They were going down in the elevator.

Well, we spent the night there. I got to know her, of course. She was scared and I . . . um . . . comforted her. We ended up fucking like crazy, with most of our clothes on. Then the second time we got naked and we got kinky. She told me she liked light restraints. All we had were our belts, but I tied her wrists to the iron railing over her head, bending her back over the lower railing. Her yells and moans echoed up and down the stairwell. It was wild. I was scared then that someone would find us!

After that we rested (dressed) but after we had slept several hours we woke up horny again. The whole thing was like we were totally out of humanity, out of society, on a desert island or something. None of the usual rules counted. We had no idea of the time, really, as neither of us

had a watch.

The third time I screwed her from behind, with her kneeling on the metal steps, her wrists tied to the railing. Then I wouldn't untie her. That made her angry . . . then excited. I got around in front and felt those big breasts, making her suck on me while I was pretty rough feeling those tits. When I was really hard I screwed her again, this time from the front, with her stretched out on the steps, hands still tied. Her orgasm yells were incredible.

We fell asleep and the janitor found us about seven in the morning. Fortunately we had dressed. But, boy, were we hungry.

But since then I have never touched her. She got another job across town, too. It was a weird, brief moment of glory, you might say, but one I'll always remember!

CATHY, 25, DENTAL TECHNICIAN: I've been looking at your magazine—my boyfriend buys it. We read some of the articles and things but there is something you haven't talked about, I think.

I'm a jogger . . . and I'm also 40DD. And I got to tell you, it *hurts* when you don't have a good bra. When I started jogging I stopped almost at once. Then I tried cinching my bra up good, then I tried running with my hands cupping my breasts, holding them tight, but people stared. (They stare anyway, but they *really* stared then!)

My doctor said jogging could be dangerous to me, giving me all kinds of problems. He said the muscle tissue could break down and I'd sag pretty quick. (I don't sag hardly at all—congratulate me, all you boobie lovers!) I could even get bleeding nipples, my doctor said—ugh!

There's a lot that goes into a "jog-strap" that an ordinary, walking around bra doesn't have or need. A good sports bra (for tennis or whatever, as well as jogging) should be made of absorptive material, non-abrasive, non-allergenic, and non-elastic. The fasteners should be covered to prevent rubbing. They should have wide straps (especially for those of us who are, ahem, *bigger*) and should not slip off the shoulders easily, and not be elastic. It shouldn't ride up over the breasts—or the breasts slip out of the bottom. (You get a lot of that when jogging.)

Now no bra seems to be able to really eliminate bouncing. But a good bra can contain that.

The trouble is, none of the major brassiere manufacturers whose products I've seen has turned out a good bra. I'm certainly not the only

big-boobed runner, but the same thing hurts women of all sizes, really. But Bali, Playtex, Warner's, Lily of France, Maidenform—they all make "jogging bras" but none of them, in my experience are for the really dedicated athlete. They're for the "half-speeders," the weekend amateurs.

Of course the A-cup types . . . well, all *they* need are some kind of protection against chafing. A pair of Band-Aids would do. I heard of a woman taking two male jockstraps, cutting them apart, and fitting herself a new "jogbra," customized.

The thing is—and I hope your readers are interested in this, because I know they like to watch boobies bounce—an ordinary bra is constructed to contain without looking like they are contained. So they have a limited amount of titty-control.

There are some medical people that say breasts are made of fat and glandular tissue and that jogging shouldn't break them down and make them sag. But my sister Tomi had to stop topless dancing after only about ten months because she was starting to sag—she's built like me—and she said a lot of the girls had the same trouble.

I say breast is supported by nothing but skin . . . and like to jog. So I have a problem. I solved it by having my mother and my sister help me custom-sew a special bra. But why haven't the commercial bra manufacturers gotten the word? Are they only interested in how a (haw-haw) "running bra" looks and less how it works?



GARY, OCCUPATION UNSTATED:

My wife has tits as good as anything in your magazine. She's very proud of them. She's almost 25, but she is in better shape than she was when I married her at 18. No stretch marks, no anything—just smooth, perfect skin.

She gets a big kick out of posing like centerfold girls. Sometimes I'll come home and she'll be waiting for me, naked or near-naked, in the pose of that month's *Playboy* Playmate or, once, like a shot in *Choice* I really liked. She gets a kick out of looking through the girly magazines with me, too.

This last summer we went to visit some friends in another town. They have a pool. The rest of us went off to do something but Pammy, my wife, decided to stay and sunbathe. When we got back we saw her lying naked by the pool—masturbating!

Well, everyone was embarrassed—but fascinated, too. We could look right out the sliding doors and see her fingering herself with one hand and massaging those big tits with the other. Clarisse, the wife of the couple we were visiting, suddenly just broke out and ran over to Pammy and threw a towel over her! Everyone was very embarrassed—but it made everyone very horny, too.

We got to talking about sex, just to relieve the pressures, and that got us into a weird scene. Clarisse is pretty bosomy, too, but not as big as my Pammy. Clarisse admitted that she didn't have much sensation when she played with her own breasts, but liked them to be played with by others. I won't bore you with the hour-long conversation that ended up with Pammy and I fucking right next to Clarisse and Buddy! We'd never done anything like that, but freely admitted the idea and the reality turned us both on.

Well, again, one thing lead to another and Buddy and I balled Clarisse, then we did Pammy. It seemed to be okay if both of us were doing it to a wife at once. Less of a "cheat" than wife-swapping—god, what a term! But Clarisse found out a guy sucking on each boob was heaven, and my Pammy found out her big favorite was a guy at each end!

For the rest of that weekend we all went around naked—though admittedly a little self-consciously—and eventually Clarisse and I ended up by fucking ourselves in a hallway, where she had started it by sucking my cock. Pammy and Buddy made it

with the rest of us watching. Then the girls discovered the switch—two women on one man!

I tell you, that weekend was the wildest I've ever spent, and I just wanted to write it all out and . . . I guess . . . brag a bit. Any of your readers ever have anything like that happen?

We have a date to go down there this weekend . . . and am I looking forward to it. Pammy just bought some of this new *Love Affair* douche. Isn't that a hell of a name?

M.B.B., AGE 40: I've had this fantasy for years, and I constantly re-run it, with endless variations—and the cast is mostly of real people. I hope it interests you.

When I was about fifteen I knew this older woman, who must have been in her early thirties. In those days, of course, she seemed old but—damn!—she was in great condition and she had tits like watermelons! I started dreaming about her when I was still a high school sophomore and I guess I've never stopped. I'd dream about seeing and feeling and sucking. When I got older I would dream about fucking between them and so on. I never made it with her . . . and I used to think that was terrible. Now I think it's better that particular dream never became real.

She never ages or sags in my mind. She's always firm and full and (in my dreams!) endlessly sexy and agreeable. But she affected my whole life. I always went for the big-titted ones. I married a woman with big breasts, I lust after the women in the magazines (and, oh, in your magazine!) and I am a dedicated tit-man. To the death, it will be the ones that get me excited. On my deathbed you could trot in Uschi Digard or Candy Samples and I swear I'd not die!

But sometimes I have these variations. That older woman was called Cathleen, by the way. I think of having Kitten Natividad and Cathleen . . . or Uschi and Cathleen . . . or Candy Samples and my dream woman. (I never dream about my wife and Cathleen doing me.) Having four huge/marvelous/tasty/exciting/perfect breasts in my face is enough to get me off—just thinking about it!

Sure is something, the way those adolescent fantasies hang on, huh? Some guys want to fuck the cheerleaders or some chick with a pert nose, and they go on from high school on, just fantasizing it all their

lives. How the twig is bent . . .

DOUG 34, OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST:

I like fleshy women—big breasts, big hips. Not fat, but full and ripe! I live near a resort and we see a lot of summer tourists in shorts and bikinis and the like—and do I love it! I score all summer long, one way or another. Last summer there was this chick who said she was eighteen, but I think she was younger. She had big breasts that swayed and flopped around. She wore t-shirts a lot, and never a bra! I was drooling!

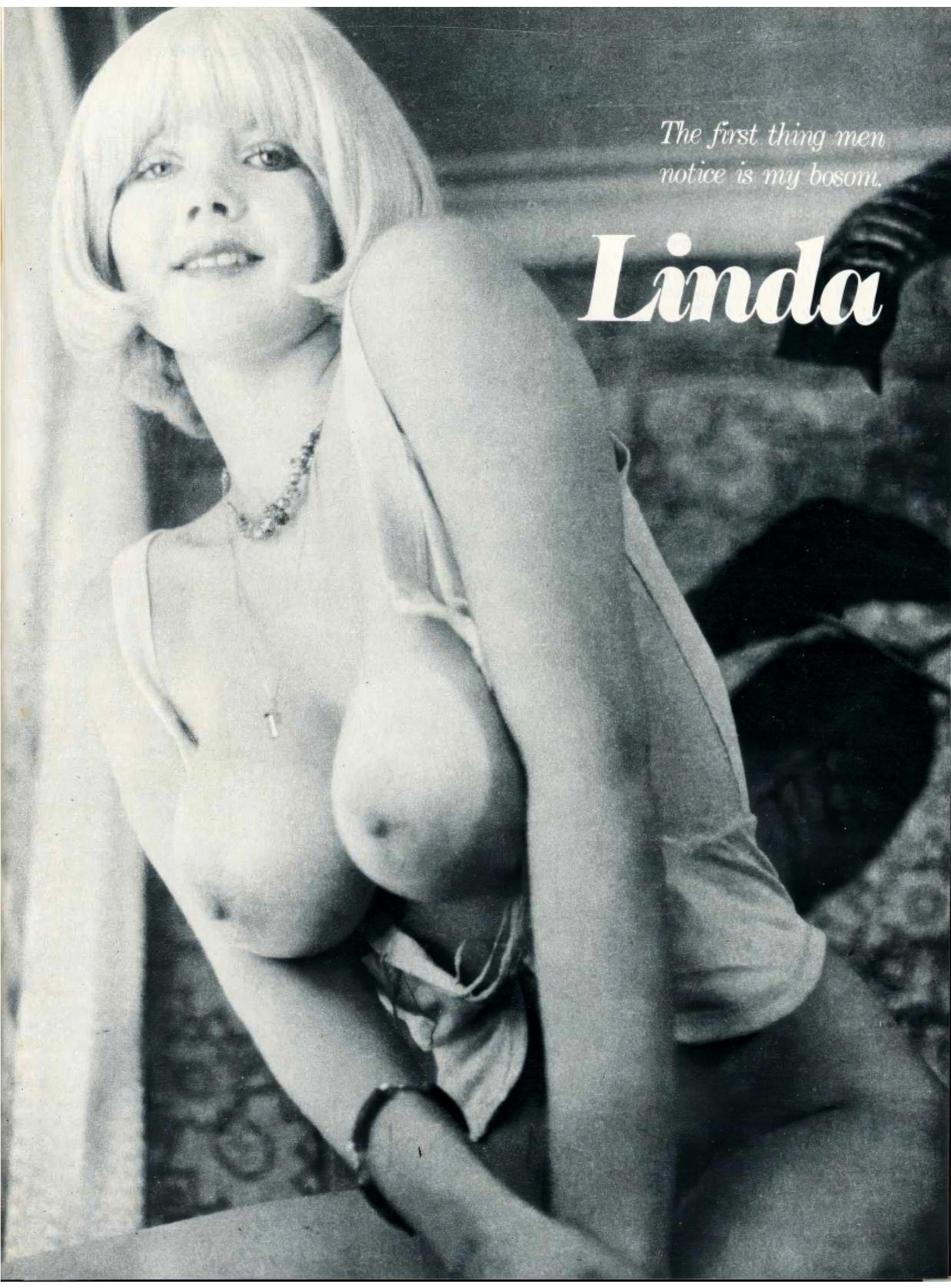
We got friendly and I showed her some of the local sights that most tourists never take the time to see. One is a gorgeous waterfall. We went skinny-dipping there and, standing under the falls (behind it, really) we fucked standing up. She was so busty that I almost cried. I squeezed those tits and my prick was ten feet long and big as a telephone pole!

Afterwards, on the way back, we got hot again and I got her t-shirt off and right off the trail I gave her her first non-fucking orgasm, just sucking and feeling those gorgeous knockers.

This summer there was a special woman. She was older, in her thirties, I guess, but stacked like an expert's collection of watermelons! Her name was June, and she knew what she wanted! We hit it off and I found out things about sex I didn't know! One thing she liked was to have a light line (heavy cotton twine) tied around her breasts! I'd tie one, then the other, with the line around her neck and cinch them up tight! She'd get all breathy and stiff, her eyes closed, sucking in her breath, and taking it. She liked me to rub my face across them—especially when I hadn't shaved since morning—and to squeeze and maul those big beauties!

She wasn't into bondage, though—I found that out early, but any sort of breast confinement she got off on! I took one of her bikini bras and lined it with really rough burlap, then made her walk along the lake with me. I rubbed her nipples with icecubes while I had her tied. I took an old, almost discarded scuba suit and cut out the back, then made her get into it backward, with just her tits sticking out . . . and took her skin-diving in a secret place. Wow, watching those big boobs swaying underwater was quite a trip! I screwed her standing in hip-deep water near the shore!

I don't think I'll ever move away from here . . . except in the winter! ☺

A black and white photograph of Linda Evangelista. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, bra and matching panties. She is also wearing a light-colored, button-down shirt that is open at the collar, revealing her chest. She is wearing a necklace with small, light-colored stones. Her hair is blonde and styled in soft waves. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

*The first thing men
notice is my bosom.*

Linda

I'm not a writer so I hope you excuse any mistakes in grammar. I'm just a girl. Or a woman, I guess is the fashionable term. I've had a high school education and a figure that turns heads. I love life and making love and all the sensual highs that are available to me. Being the kind of girl that turns heads gives me more chances at those erotic highs. I love that.

I know what they want me to write is Everything You've Ever Wanted To Know About Me, all my sexual adventures and things, but the truth is, I don't think of them as "adventures." They just happened. They were good, bad, so-so . . . but mostly good. Or terrific.

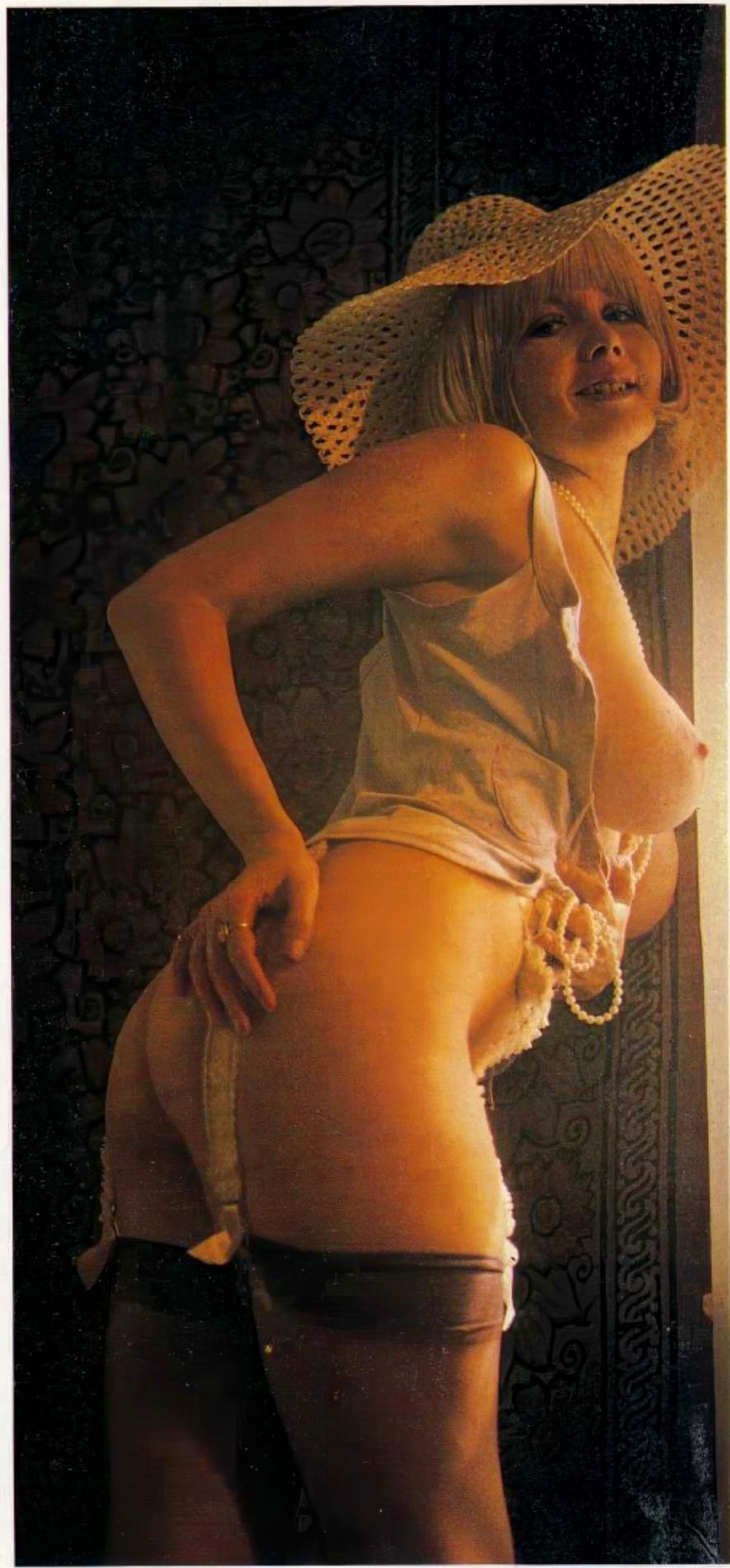
While I love sex, it isn't my whole life. I have a little doggy, a record collection (country western, some pop, some rock), a good record player, a box of paperbacks I'm reading, and a few clothes. I'm not a clothes horse, although I guess I like nice clothes. I just wouldn't kill myself to get them. I read the crazy crime novels of Donald Westlake, Louis L'Amour westerns, anything by John D. Macdonald, and Harlan Ellison science fiction stories.

I have a hard time getting clothes that fit, anyway. I usually have to have brassieres made or Double-D cup bras re-fitted. I swim, when I can, and have a bicycle. I drive a beat-up VW bug painted a kind of sick rust color. I like double-hamburgers, big root beers (A&W is my all-time favorite!), and when I drink beer, which is seldom, I like Coors. I don't smoke (ugh!) and I get a big kick out of posing nude for photographers.

I've only been photographed a few times, but I've enjoyed it every time. At first it was kind of wild and crazy and I was sexually turned on, let me tell you! But after two or three sessions it was more of a job. Oh, I still liked it, I just wasn't as embarrassed or aroused. I like being naked and think I look okay nude, so walking around naked between shots was fine.

At first I'd grab a robe the moment the photographer called a break or stopped to reload cameras or re-set the "set." But that seemed silly after awhile. There is a difference between posing professionally and standing around naked with a man. You aren't being photographed every second, so you do spend a lot of time just being naked—instead of professionally nude.

Doing that—naked instead of nude—got me aroused, but maybe not for a reason you'd think! It just didn't seem right that a man would be talking to you, having lunch or a soft drink, with him clothed, you naked, and no hanky panky. Oh, not that it didn't happen! It did, but mostly it didn't!







Professional figure photographers are very disciplined. I remember once I got hot during the session and the photographer picked up on it right away. (The erect nipples were a dead give-away!)

He put down his camera and the next thing I knew we were fucking like two minks in rut. And when he finished he looked at his watch, told me we still had a half-hour to work, had me fix my make-up and did another twenty minutes of picture-taking! But I understand it. We are both professionals and that minor (twenty-five minute) detour should not put us off our purpose, which was photographs of me with no clothes on.

But usually the times I've gotten involved with photographers has been after work. Some of those guys don't

even know any other women but figure models, and a big percentage of the guys I know are photographers, magazine editors, assistants, camera store workers, and like that.

It's kind of easy being with a photographer. I mean, they've seen everything you've got and I mean everything! They've fired strobes up your pussy, up your bottom; you've spread your legs to them and squeezed your breasts and done all sorts of crazy things. On some photo sessions models masturbate (or fake it) and do it with dildos and god-only-knows what. If any of us pose with a male model we have our breasts and pussies and faces against that guy's cock. So being naked around a photographer is easy. Just because you are naked doesn't mean they think they have to make a

pass.

Sex with figure photographers (if it happens at all, and I'm not saying I bed every guy that shoots me!) is something that evolves naturally. But when you are out with him he's not always looking down your dress or trying to cop a feel. I mean, it's possible that a couple of hours earlier, or a couple of days before, you were spreading your pussy lips to him or offering him and his camera your bare breasts. He knows and you know he knows. If he's out with you it's because you turn him on. There's no mystery—he knows what he's after and he must like it. And you are out with him because you like him.

Oh, sure, some people think you date photographers to get more work, but that isn't true. A photographer in this business generally shoots any one model just a few times. Then it's on to the next model. You'll never get a lot of work from any one photographer. So you don't have to hustle him. Oh, he might hire you for an illustration, a group grope, something special, but that's all.

And photographers are no different—once you get to bed—than any other bunch of guys. There are some that are good, some so-so, and some lousy. Just like real men. Just like women, too, I suppose. They might be a little more uninhibited than the ordinary guy, a bit more sophisticated, but nothing extreme. The farthest-out guy I ever met was a trucker, the second wildest was a druggist!

There are photographers who specialize—as much as they can—in big-breasted women. This is because they like them and their photographs show that. Which means, for a girl like me, an appreciative date and a lusty lover.

I do like the effect my bosom has on men . . . and the effect the men have on my bosom! I bet there are a lot of men who will look at the pictures *Choice* will be running of me and want to go to bed with me. I don't mean to sound egotistical, but I hope it's true! I really like the idea of exciting men, although doing it in person is a lot more fun!

I know that the first thing men will notice is my bosom, but that's all right. If they get to know me they'll find out I'm a real person, not just "tits"! I like and dislike things just as other women do. I make mistakes (oh, do I!) and I have my little triumphs. I don't think I'm going to "live off" my unusually big bosom forever, but right now, while I'm modeling, I know that's the main reason I get work.

But I'm a nice person. I don't lie, I don't cheat, I don't tattle (except on myself!), and I don't do mean, petty things. I bet you'd like me. I do! ☺

The ABC'S OF BOOB HANDLING

Everything You Always Wanted To Know—From First Feel To (Believe It or Not) Breast Orgasms. By R. Whitfield

Until the clitoral orgasm became legit, sought after and understood a few years back, women's most heard complaint about sacktime skills was that men simply didn't know what to do with boobs. The request for "just a little tenderness" could as easily be a plea for tit caresses as for clit arousal. And even in today's advanced stage of decadence—with men eating grapes out of women's navels, sharing Vitabath showers with their mistresses, holding their Hitachi (vibrator) for them and with oral sex an expected part of the lovemaking ritual—women are still clamoring for fondling between the throat and the waist.

Breasts are symbolic to women. In offering them to a man, allowing him to explore and excite them, a woman is signalling that she's willing to share her intimate territory. The rest of her body is soon to be accessible, she's saying. And so breasts are a kind of barrier beyond which *anything* goes.

A woman's refusing to let a man touch her breasts can mean several things. It may be her way of saying, "A goodnight kiss is fine, but I don't plan to bed down with you tonight." But it can also be a put-down such as, "Hey, don't rush things, you jerk. Anybody who moves this fast must be a lousy lover!"

Both these negatives can be overcome.

Timing is crucial. A first kiss—first one of the evening or the first you've ever given her—should be left at that, just a kiss. The longer, the better. Start gently and gradually progress to a real-bone crusher. Even the most liberated woman wants to believe briefly that she's Vivian Leigh swept off her feet by Gable.

During a long kiss, your hands are finally groping at her back, but not touching front and center. Your tongue reaches for hers gradually, tentatively. Restraining yourself, you begin to read her reactions.

The woman who tugs at you frantically at this stage, grinding her thighs and pelvis against you, perhaps even

parting her legs somewhat even as you're kissing, is in need of minimum persuasion and perhaps only scant foreplay as well. Proceed to first feel.

The woman who becomes soft, pliable, affectionate rather than just hot during a first kiss wants a slow, romantic, teasing build-up. Proceed gradually to first feel.

If the woman stiffens, withdraws



her face, pushes you away with her hands, forget first feel and try first kiss again.

A feel that accompanies a kiss can begin in any number of ways. With the two of you standing (an excellent posture for preliminary kissing), hands can easily travel from back to sides. A searching gesture is infinitely better than a well-aimed grab. Provide the illusion that you're entranced with *all of her*; women don't like to be treated like an assembly of parts. Hands can glide over breasts and beyond, on down to the waist, back again, then retreat teasingly.

Even if she doesn't undergo one of those rapid-fire, let's-get-to-it turns, which you'd hoped for, her breasts themselves may come alive. As she kisses you, she may very well squirm, grinding them against your chest. Or she may step back a few inches, giving you room to get your hands in. Either way, you're being invited to go ahead and feel freely. Do it.

Unless she's already climbing you like a tree trunk or groping for your zipper, though, don't grab. Early breast play has nothing to do with lust until she's losing control, breathless and begging to fuck. Rushing things now might induce a premature "no," spoiling all chances of further intimacies.

The Feathery Touch

This can be done with fingertips, backs of hands, palms, wrists, even knuckles. The important thing is to remember to touch her breasts as though they were made of porcelain or in danger of caving in: in other words, fragile. Whatever violently passionate action you may resort to later on, begin gently.

Do not dive toward the nipples. Much as they are the center of the target, they should be avoided, encircled, teased and only finally touched after she's dying for the feel of your fingers. Here, too, the initial technique should be feathery rather than forceful.

All this gentleness in approaching the bosom really takes the place of words of adoration and deathless promises which the modern and somewhat casual woman may not want to hear. Emancipated as she is, she knows that good sex doesn't demand till-death-do-us-part togetherness. However, except in a few rare moods, she doesn't want purely mechanical, get-to-it-fast sex either; her juices just won't flow without warm, friendly feelings and some affection. Minutes earlier she may have seemed brave and brazen as she fingered her martini, but before fingering you she needs to be petted and cuddled.

Delicate handwork early in the foreplay phase also constitutes a promise to be a tender, considerate lover during the critical moments ahead. "I like a man who works with his hands," quips one young woman who can also be abrasive and demanding. "He's not likely to leave me hanging," she adds, clarifying that it's not these men's livelihoods but their techniques of loving that she means.

Quite a lot of gentle boob handling can take place while clothed with perhaps only a button or two undone. Advanced breast play, of course, requires nude boobs.

Getting Rid of the Bustenhalter

The most considerate women either wear no bra at all, or, if they are so well endowed that some support is needed, they wear dark lace affairs with front closings which can be opened by a mere flick of the fingers. Unfortunately, though, most females wear bras with hooks in back which can only be unfastened with two hands. It is sometimes possible to find those back hooks without her noticing what you're up to, releasing her from her bra while kneading her back during prolonged kisses. But this rather sneaky way of getting the bra off fails about half the time. Why not keep things simple, by first peeling off the blouse, sweater or other outer clothing, one layer at a time? If her things seem easily ripped or unduly complex, then let her take care of them.

These can be awkward moments. If, perchance, she was wearing a padded bra, you would have noticed by now. But you may not have noticed the safety pins holding her blouse together or the fact that her bra is tattletale grey. And before she slips her T-shirt over her head, that fake ponytail or chignon will have to come off.

At any rate, when you notice her fidgeting, you shouldn't assume that she's having second thoughts or that the whole thing is off. She's concerned over something relatively insignificant. This could be an excellent time to dim the lights or to disappear into the bathroom if she doesn't head in that direction herself. Anyway, step back and give her a chance to display herself nude in the way she thinks she looks best.

Nude boobs were meant to be admired, and although women may gripe about men's near-fetishistic interest, they love it. Very few women ever truly believe that they have beautiful breasts. They think theirs are too globular, too pendulous, too small, asymmetrical or too dark in the nipples, but they want to hear that what they've got is precisely what you like. A woman



once said to me, "If you don't utter another word in bed, just tell me my breasts are beautiful."

Most of the admiration can be non-verbal. The bare bosom lends itself well to concentrated exploration with all-over kneading and light pinching. Two-handed cupping is a possibility that's usually appreciated although by now one hand may be delving between her warm, yielding thighs. Now is the time, too, for determining whether to sustain the tender touch or to get a little tougher in handling. Progress gradually and watch her responses carefully.

The Uses of Cleavage

Porn-king Russ Meyer once stated that the all-American worship of knockers is actually a perversion of the far more basic masculine interest in the dusky, mysterious crevice between them: the cleavage. And cleavage, he went on to say, is where "one nuzzles and nurtures, stimulates and smothers . . . It is a treasury—a banking place for folding money. It is an alternate balling zone. It ventilates the belly button . . . Cleavage induces sleep—the deeper the better—shutting out all ambient light." Fannies, he went on to

say, are "cleavage for the less endowed." There are, at any rate, plenty of things to do with bosom cleavage, all of them pleasurable to you and to her as well. It's only a matter of deciding which to do first.

Cleavage is particularly convenient when she requires an extra ten minutes of foreplay. Most women like men to be quite oral, and this is one of the places they like it. The mouth can travel from the face, along the throat and on down, smooching along the way, and finally, you can bury your head against her mammary mounds. Tun-

nel between them with your nose—lick, suck, nibble on the nipples. Act as though you're so contented to be there that you simply cannot help yourself. Pretend that all you're doing is for your benefit rather than hers.

Some women are so fond of mouth-breast contact that they'll apply caviar or jam to Cool Whip just to get you there and keep you lapping and sucking away for a while. And most put a dab of perfume in the area. You might tell her that her breasts smell nice, perfumed or not. But very little conversation is necessary now.

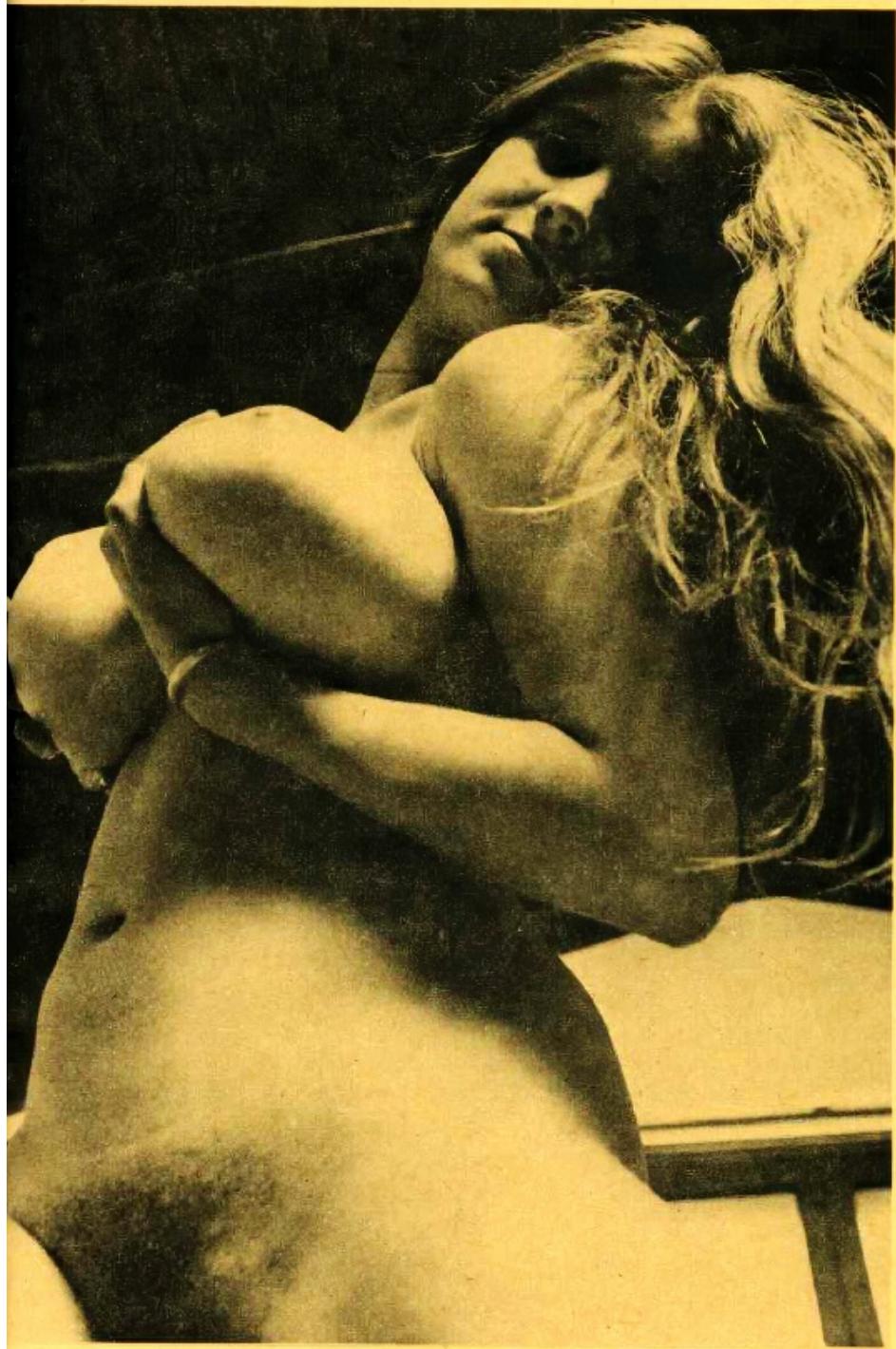
At this point your hands can be massaging or vibrating against her boobs or they could just as likely be paving the way for fucking. Simultaneous hand-and-mouth arousal techniques are almost certain to make her start swiveling her hips or lurching her pelvis toward you. But let her wait, making her go crazy with anticipation. Women sometimes *act* ready if they think you're impatient to get started. It's infinitely preferable to have her more than ready, past ready, almost coming.

There's no reason to abandon boob action once you're linked together and copulating wildly. Once you find a position that facilitates easy thrusting and you don't have to maneuver her legs or rump to adjust the angle, your hands can continue pawing away at her boobs. Women fuck with their whole bodies as much as with their bottoms at least until the final breathless moments when the fireworks happen—and sometimes then as well. Caresses that are given while the nitty-gritty is going on make the whole thing friendlier in her view of things, and help her think of you as an expert technician.

Fucking is a fine way to end things, but these days few people have hang-ups about finishing other ways as well. Once in a while a woman who gets enough breast play finds herself coming with no stimulation whatsoever in the nether regions. Australian writer Germaine Greer confessed in *Oui* magazine that her cat once gave her a breast orgasm by accident. A lady of my acquaintance tells me that she came in the front seat of an old Chevy the very first time a boy—a fellow passenger—touched her breasts. He was scared out of his wits, she maintains. Actually, a climax that is somewhat unexpected can easily be mistaken for an attack of epilepsy or an extreme reaction to booze. Breast orgasms, I'm told, are felt in the usual places. And they're quite rare.

Another rare kind of breast orgasm is the one you can have easily enough with any woman who has a hearty appetite for variety and a lusty lack of fastidiousness where sex is concerned. There are women who crave this, having you come all over their boobies, drizzling your stuff over the nipples and leaving a sticky trail behind, although there are few who actually ask for it.

You know you have one of these women if she insists on giving you a handjob with her bust very close to her hands, just above and just below. At the last moment, when you're probably not looking, she'll see that your cock is pointing toward her boobs,



which are ready to catch the spray.

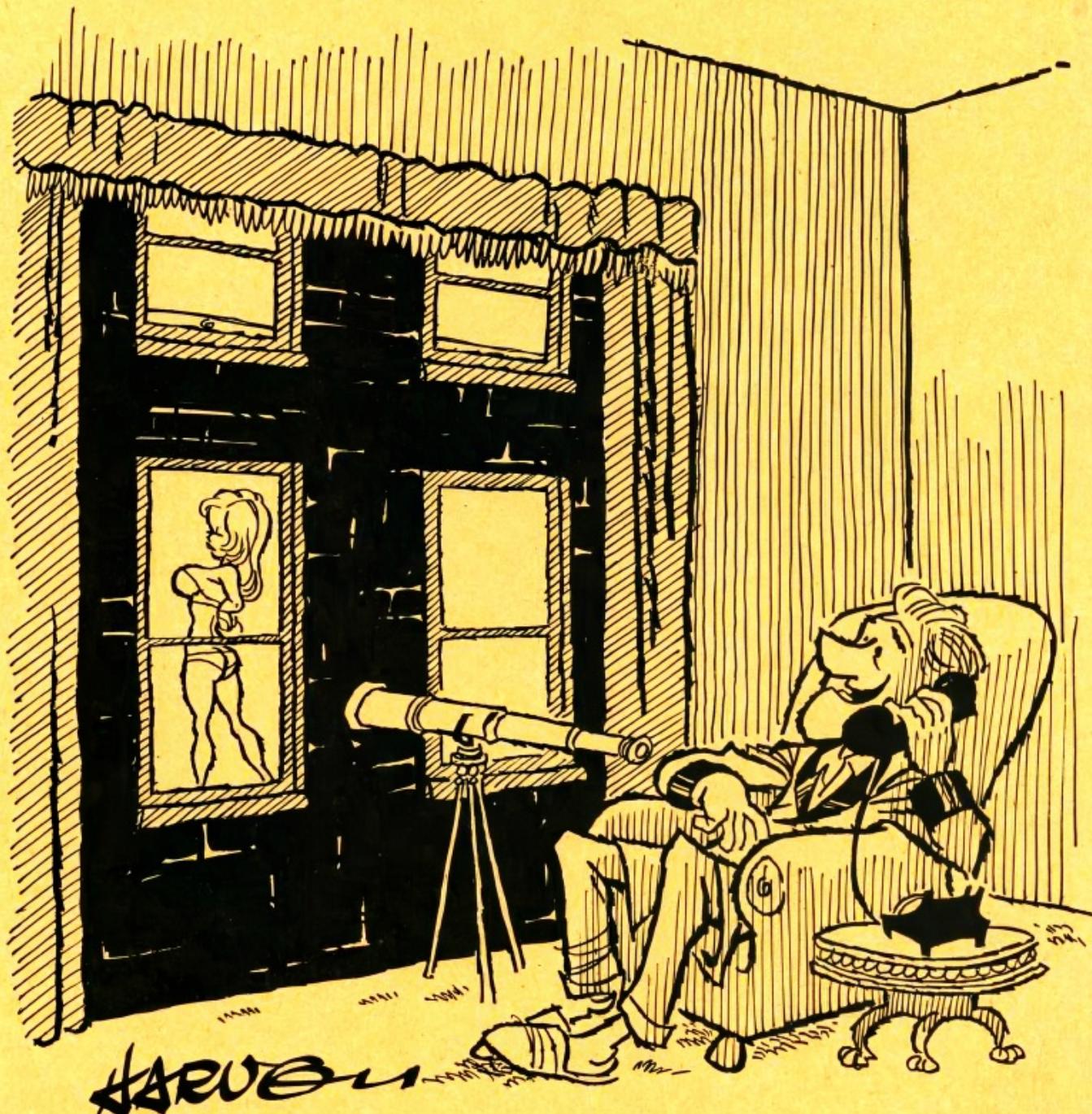
That's not the only kind of breast orgasm you can have. Another possibility is for her to withdraw your tool after she's licked, sucked, chewed and nibbled it to the point where you're coming, then she aims it toward her tits instead of into her throat. Many ladies would rather swallow semen, having heard that it's high in protein, low in calories and good for the complexion as well. The occasional bed partner you may have, however, who would rather not ingest it, can

easily be induced to let you shoot into her cleavage.

Another way that's far trickier is to let the girl with big ones clasp her two protuberances around your cock and let you thrust along her cleavage. This requires her having ample development to begin with, plus a willingness to kneel to get her chest low enough. Some lubrication helps, too. Then, plug away!

To engage in and enjoy these various games involving the upper fe-

male torso doesn't necessitate your being a first-degree breast worshipper or even a die-hard titman although you may have more fun if you are. But you do have to be determined to please the lady whose breasts are at hand, to give her a better than usual dose of foreplay and to make her want to come back for more, but there's considerable satisfaction in knowing you can give an above-par performance when the situation calls for it. Boob games may be just what the next hard-to-please lady in your life is looking for. ☺



"Nothing much, Ed—just spending a quiet evening with the boob tube."

Grabbers



WE TRY HARDER

Some girls will go to great lengths to increase their bust size, just to get their pictures in CHOICE. Although this young lady has a long way to go before qualifying, we thought we might show you that at least she's trying. Who knows? It might work.

UPSTAIRS MAID

With the Madam away on vacation, the butler was given the task of selecting the new upstairs maid. However, it looks as though he is selecting more than just the maid.



TOPIC OF DESIRE

Tits in motion are better than tits at a standstill, and as you can see, the cinematographer of *Tropic of Desire* is doing his best to capture the billowing bosom of this young actress on film in all her bouncing beauty. But there are perverts and weirdos in every crowd—thus we see him shooting her face!

We think the guy in the sailor suit has the best idea: get right in there and feel and suck and *do it!* Never mind the cameraman, the buck-a-second film running past the lens, anything—suck your heart out, sailor!

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

Doctors invented it. Raquel Welch made it famous. And now everyone's getting in on the act and increasing their bust size through silicon injections. But, we refuse to go artificial. Each model is carefully inspected to be sure she's 100% CHOICE. We've also found out that there's nothing like another buxomed woman to tell the difference. Amanda Laroque is one of our best inspectors. Nothing less than the best gets past her, and, believe us, she knows the real from the artificial. "Ah, now that's the way we like it," she says.

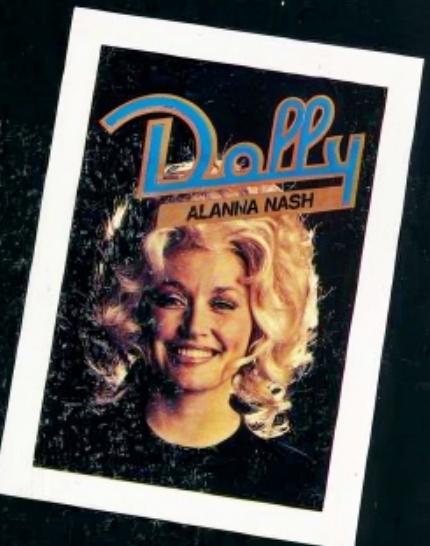
BOOK REVIEW

DOLLY, by Alanna Nash. Reed Books, 275 pages, photographs, \$9.95.

And how it's time for Dolly Parton biographies. These things go in cycles and there have been—and shall be—other Parton bios. (This one, however, is one that Dolly is not happy about and instigated legal action against the author.)

This unusually detailed biography tells you more than you might reasonably care to know about the life (to date) of this busty, bewigged country singer. The details are staggering in number—the author even tells you the things she can't tell you—such as Dolly's bust measurement.

But this top-of-the-line songstress is more than a pair of giant boobies and towering wigs, more than a brilliantly clothed (some say gaudy) body and a voice. From a broken down country shack to *Playboy* cover, from gray denim to gold records, from backwoods to international star—author Nash details the rise, the triumphs, the contracts... and the husband who prefers the farm. Dolly's determination to become somebody is more than



just highlighted, it is spotlighted.

If you are interested in Dolly Parton—and millions seem to be—this is your book. It's almost exhausting in its research—including her spaghetti sauce recipe.

A minor aside: the photographs are unusual in that many of the 53 are by the author and 12 are in color. ... William Rotsler



JUGS IN JAIL

Recent statistics show that the crime rate for women is on the rise. In fact, it is higher than that for men. The cause is usually attributed to prostitution and the fact that more and more women are moving into areas of employment traditionally occupied by men thereby creating a rise in "white collar" crimes such as petty theft and em-

bezzlement. But we at CHOICE know the real reason. The supply of good-looking women with huge lovelies has gotten so low, the cops have taken to locking 'em up for themselves. Come on fellas, give us a chance.

BLUEBEARD STRIKES AGAIN

The raunchy looking type with the mouthful is an actor friend of ours. He was up for a part in a razor blade commercial when he ran into this chick who flipped over what she called his "ruggedness," and insisted that he give her a stubble job before he shaved. Don't ask how we got the photo . . . that's a journalistic secret. P.S. He didn't get the job, but he now has a full beard and a full bed.



AN EDITOR'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

Running a magazine like this is not all fun and games. Our overworked assistant editor, for instance, has to spend practically all his time auditioning prospective models, even on the hottest days. He does manage to get some help from time to time, but usually, he has his hands full just keeping up with deadlines.



WHICH WITCH IS WHICH

Witchcraft has always held a certain fascination for many people. There's a potion for everything. Love, beauty, health, wisdom, fertility, and many, many more. This young couple is toasting the success of a recent love potion. As you can see, by the lack of apparel, it was, indeed, a success. Now, you would think with so many potions, there'd be one to increase bust size. But, then again, maybe this young gentlemen has found it and isn't telling. Do you blame him?



TIPLATIONS



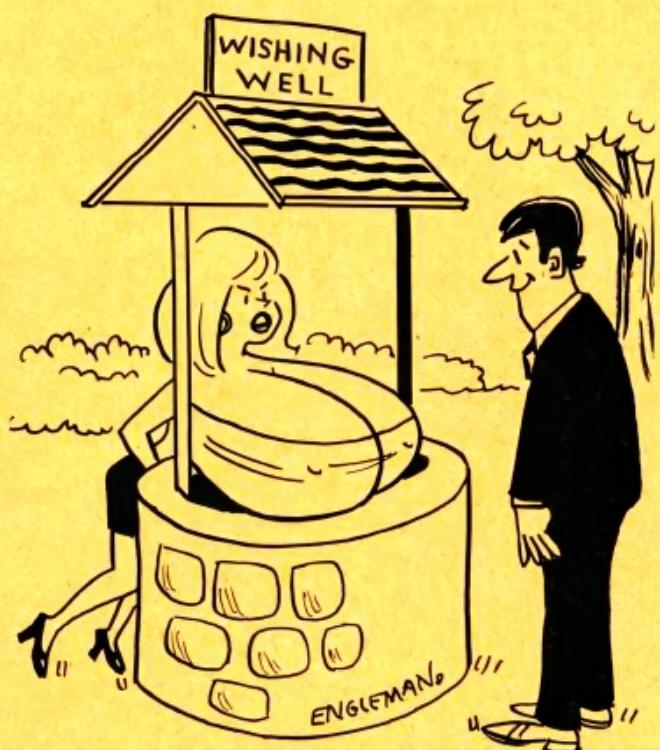
"I'm a mugger... give me your money or I'll smother you!"



"Just a minute, lady, I don't consider 40 inches a handicap!"



"Our main problem is that I'm a leg man!"



"Now look what you've done!"

Grab Bag Letters

TIT CAUGHT IN WRINGER?

I have just bought my first copy of your magazine and it is excellent. I would like to see you feature one busty girl from the past in each issue. One of my favorites is June Wilkinson, who was quite popular during the early 1960's. Another one is Shawn Devereau, who was popular in the early 70's. I'm glad to see that you are going to feature Roxanne in the next issue. Let's see pictures of girls bending way over. For some unusual shots, how about pictures of an exceptionally busty girl with her breasts caught in a wringer. The more of her breasts that would protrude from the other side of the wringer the better. Another thing that would really turn me on would be pictures of girls lifting weights with their breasts. The weights would probably have to be tied very tightly to the tops of their breasts. It would be interesting to see which girls have the strongest breasts. I would love to see Roxanne with some weights attached to her breasts.

Thanks again for doing a good job.

Robert Jones
New York, N.Y.

This drawing of a flattened titty is as close as we could come to your weird request.

HALL OF FAME BOSOM BEAUTIES

The women look better in the nude. Peek-a-boo photos aren't that good because you can't tell what the woman looks like. I think the women look better by looking natural. It would be great to put out the Hall of Fame of the Bosomy Beauties.

It's not right to have men with women in this magazine because this is a mens' magazine. Only beautiful big-busted women the way women should look like.

Head to toe photos are the best, because it's better than seeing half a woman. In some photos some women should look like they are powerful because their beauty is so great it should seem that way.

My favorite busty stars are: Darlene English, Melinda Draper, Roxanne, Brenda Reynolds, Patricia, Medina Conn, Wicki, Wendy, Jane Fulton, Migan and Olga.

And it would be great to see not two or three photos, but at least six or a few photos of each beautiful woman.

Mark Armeno
Bronx, N.Y.



PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!

I personally loved the first issue of your magazine. I would like to see your models with at least one picture of them fully clothed, in common street attire. Also, I would like to see all models with their bra size listed including cup size, for as we know, it is the most important thing.

Also, any pictures possible of the girls in their brassiers. Please do not underestimate the models of C cup, as long as their size is petite.

Kevin A. Diluigi
Gibbstown, N.J.

We don't underestimate the models with C cup, I don't care what their size!

I LIKE YOUR MAGAZINE . . . BUT . . .

I purchased volume 1, number 1 of your new magazine on income tax day just to cheer myself up a bit. Boy, was I cheered up! Enclosed is my subscription order for the next six issues. No doubt about it, your new entry into the so-called men's magazine field really "rounds out" the available selection. By the way, I say

"so-called" because my wife gets as big a thrill as I do out of enjoying some of the most eye-popping female figures around. As they say: keep it up!

I do have one criticism, though. Your terrific photos looked as if they were printed in a confetti factory by gorillas in molting season. Dust, dirt, and hair all over the place. I know your printer's standards will improve as revenue increases, but there's really no excuse for sloppy workmanship.

Jim Rollings
Yorktown, VA.

BIG TIT & BODY PAINT ENTHUSIAST

Your publication of Adam Choice is a very fine magazine. It does depict the female body beautifully, with special emphasis on the breasts which is very unique. As to suggestions as requested from the readers, I do have something that will enhance your magazine and make the interest increase to your artful readers.

I saw a fantastic exotic dancer in Europe years ago really display her body in a different manner . . . and it was strictly art if I may say so. This performer was a lady in her late thirties or early forties with 44 inch boobs or possibly larger. She appeared at ten o'clock in the evening performing a strip routine with pasties, G-string which really made the crowd go wild. At the close of her strip tease routine the show manager announced that she would appear again at two o'clock in the morning for the stellar act which is the most unusual and beautiful act in show business today!

At two o'clock in the morning the house lights were turned out. The band played real soft Oriental music. The show manager announced that it was his pleasure to present for your viewing pleasure The Living Statue of Buddha's Mistress. The curtain slowly opened . . . it was unbelievable what I saw . . . standing on a red pedestal with a very rigid and motionless pose was the exotic dancer with her entire body painted with gold paint. The head and face of the statue was made up to look like Buddha . . . with Buddha headdress. The neck area of the gold statue had golden neck coils to make the neck appear elongated . . . this caused a weird appearance. The breasts of the Golden Goddess were huge . . . with

long tapering pasties . . .

The living gold statue had ligatures of golden leather straps placed on the upper arms and spaced to cause her bicep muscles to bulge due to the tight strap ligatures. This same procedure was done on her thighs to cause the upper leg muscles to bulge. The ligatures gave the weird appearance to the performer's body overall. She also wore a very mini-size G-string. You can imagine just what an exotic dancer would look like with her entire body heavily painted with gold paint . . . she actually appeared to be of solid gold metal like you would see in an Art Gallery . . . about like the King Tut gold statues. This was a truly sensational exotic act.

Would it be possible for Choice Magazine to feature a beautiful pictorial as this in the very near future? As a suggestion show one of your exotic dancers with a strip teaser routine without any gold paint . . . and then the same girl shown with her body completely painted with gold paint as I have described above.

It might prove interesting to show the dancer on the cover in a regular strip tease routine . . . with more inside type theme.

I wish your publication the very best . . . keep up the good work . . . I am looking forward to seeing what I have described.

Martin J. West
Williamsburg, Virginia

The body paint sounds like a good idea. Now, we'll have to talk one of our models into a first-class paint job.

RUSS MEYER FREAK

I am hopeful that a progressive magazine such as your 'Choice' would enter into contract negotiations with Russ Meyer's discoveries. This would have to be a big seller, with his popularity and I have never seen one published. You had a great idea using one of his newest stars for your second issue. Could you do a similar article/pictorial on June Mack, who also stars in his 'Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-Vixens,' or the poster girl in his 'Supervixens?' I have enjoyed your first issues and am awaiting your future magazines. Thank you and keep up the excellent work.

A Russ Meyer appreciator
Northbrook, ILL

REQUEST TIME

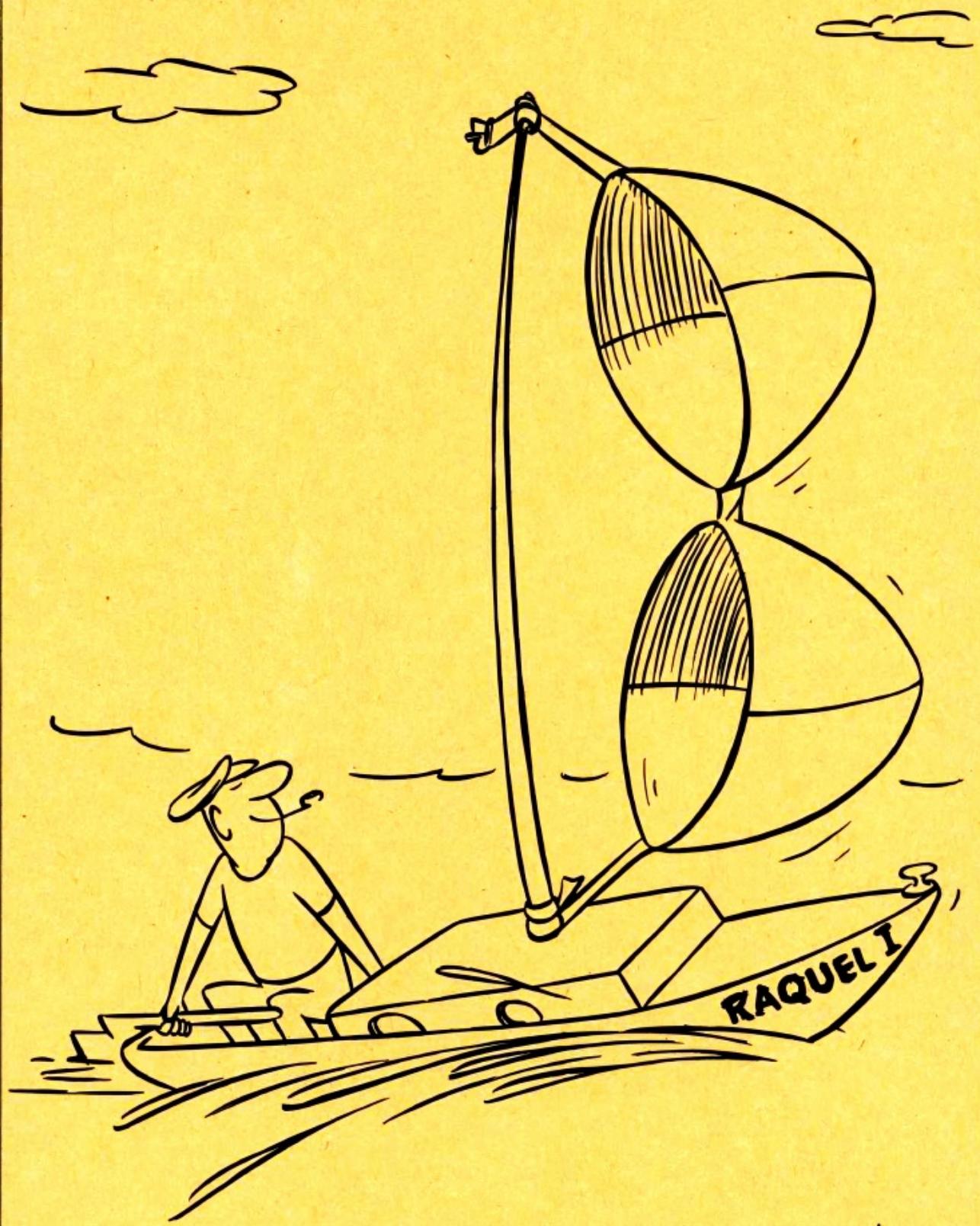
How about some layouts on these two slender, but buxom girls? The buxom black fox goes by the name of "Sylvia McFarland" and the incredibly endowed girl on the right is named "Candy Morrison."

Keep featuring layouts of couples with girls sporting big jugs. Here are some shots of Yum-Yum with a friend.

A. Adams
St. Petersburg, FLA.

We have no way of contacting these models to do layouts on them as you have requested. Models change their names so often it is impossible to keep up with them, but keep sending us your ideas.







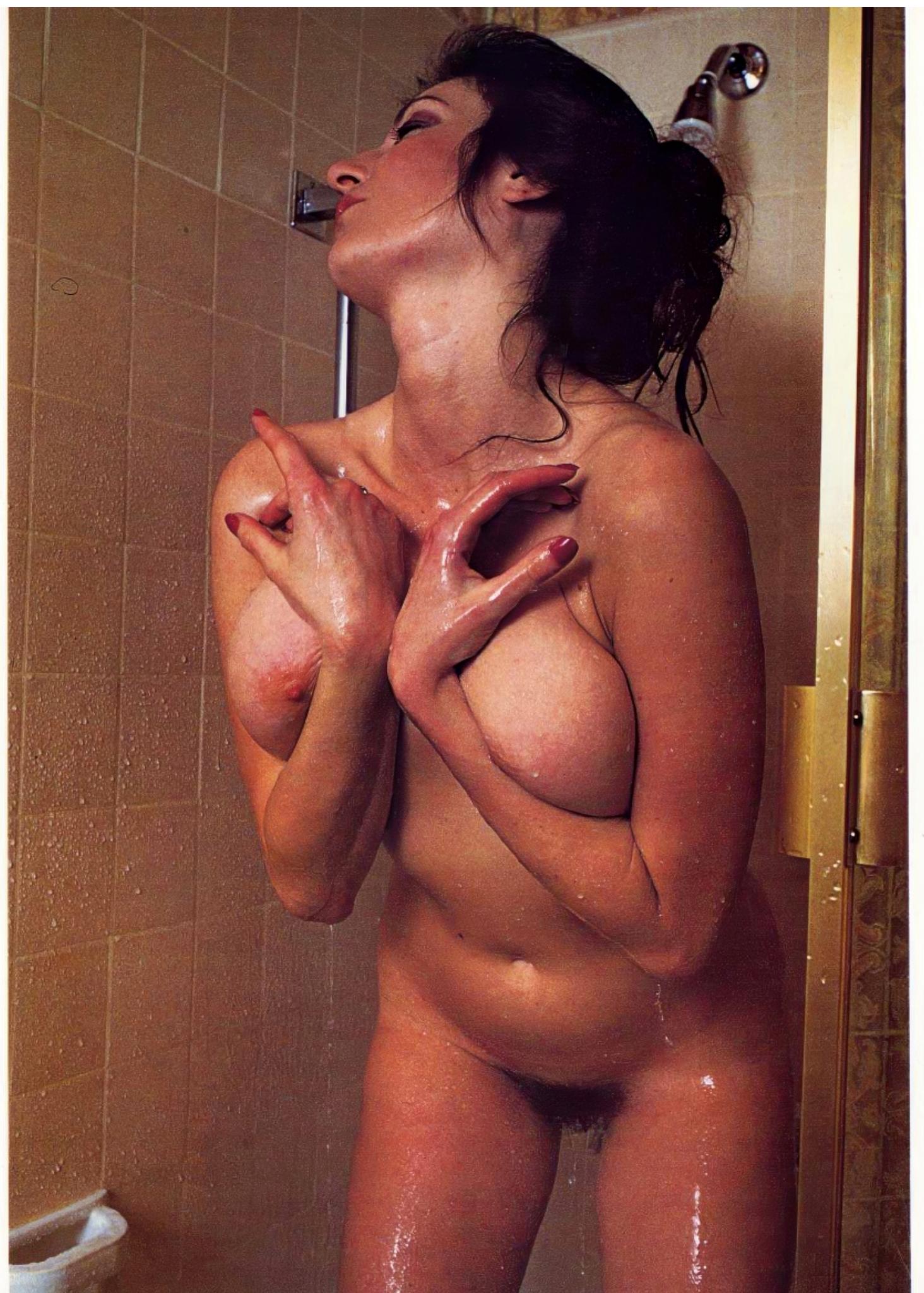
AN EVENING WITH

Michelle is truly one of life's rare experiences. This mysterious 42-25-35 brunette considers herself quite a seductress. She specializes in young, firm men, whom she claims, always have wild and erratic hands. "I especially love virgins," she tells us. "They're so utterly predictable. Boys who love older women almost always have breasts fetishes. They're so coarse and rough and I just love it!" She laughs. "And I'm such a tease. Boys are so obvious when they're alone with me, sometimes it's all I can do to keep from laughing. But I always pretend not to notice, but



how can you? Their faces shine like neon signs. I usually wear a low cut dress with plenty of cleavage showing and sit directly in front of the young man. It's not hard to find an excuse to bend over from time to time, and when I do, their eyes are on me. Then, when I catch him looking at my chest, I pretend to be a little embarrassed and sort of pull up on my top just a bit, trying to cover my bosom. When I feel him rising, I find a way to get close to him and sort of accidentally bump into him, letting him get a feel. It's always so much fun. By this time, I'm so horny I just want to bury my bosoms in his face, but I always hold back, teasing him more and more until he wants me so much, he's ready to burst. And sometimes they do! Then, after I've had my little fun, I sort of stand in front of the boy and move my breasts in close. I put my hands on his shoulders and guide his face into my cleavage. He usually gets the hint and lets go all that pent up passion. Ah, there is nothing in the world quite like a young, eager mouth. I'm getting excited just thinking about it!"



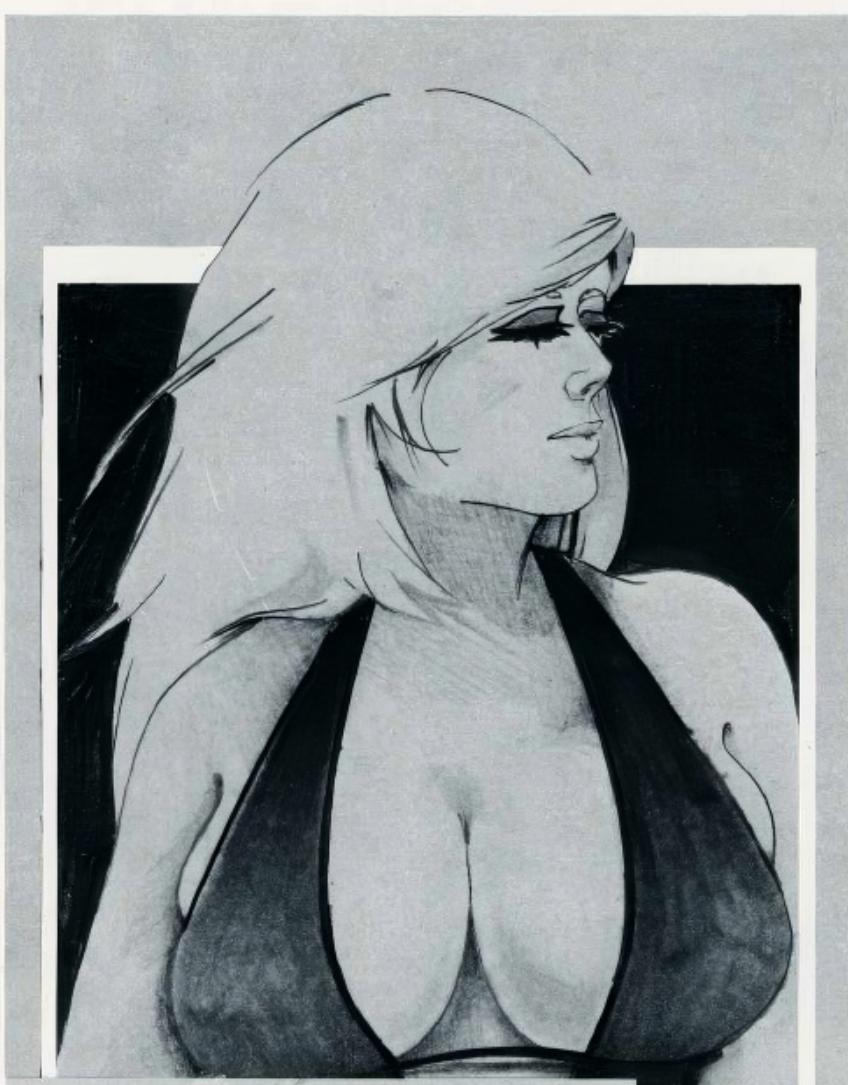




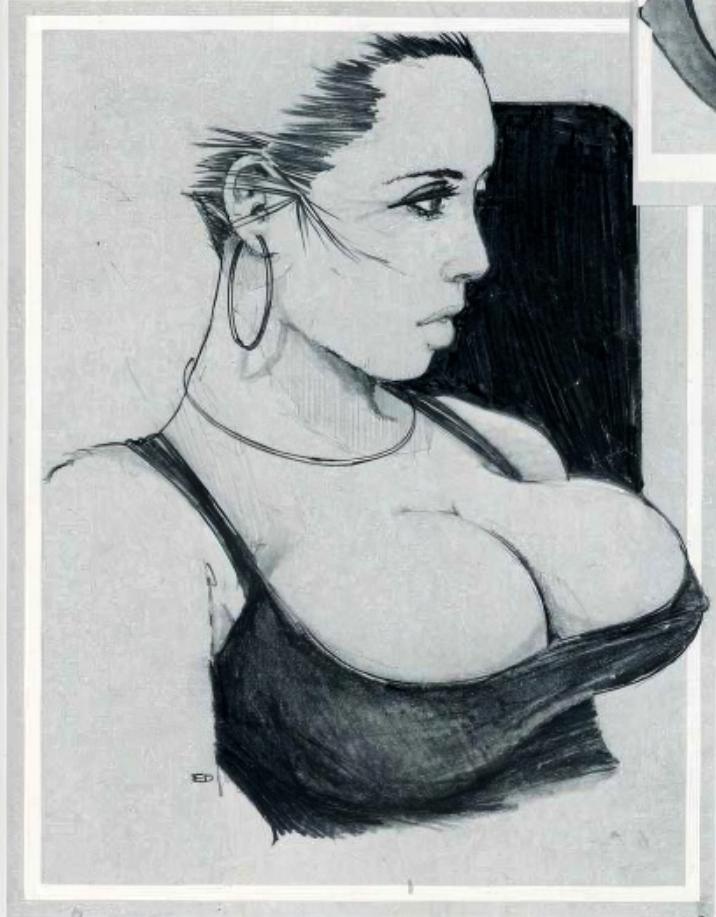
"Then there was Harvey," Michelle sighs. "He used to mow the lawn on Saturday afternoons. I think he was still going to high school, or had just gotten out, but he was about that age. I usually paid him a couple of dollars after he got through with the lawn. He always looked so eager when he'd come up to the door and sort of mumble that he'd finished. Then, one day, right after he'd mowed the lawn he came up to collect his money. I looked at him and sort of said, really worried, that I was all out of money and would have to go to the grocery store to cash a check. If he would come back later that evening, I could pay him then. He was so cute. His voice cracked as he said, 'Alright. What time?' About eight thirty or so, Harvey arrived all showered and smelling real nice. At first, he was really shy, but once he got going, he turned out to be the kinkiest. He went through my refrigerator and pulled out whipped cream, honey and jam and poured them all over me. The rest of the evening was a real delight!"

BARRACKS ART

BY ED BURGESS



Choice is proud to present the work of a talented artist named Ed Burgess of Reno, Nevada. Ed sent us these samples of what he calls "barracks art," drawn for the comfort and edification of servicemen, and we thought you'd appreciate them. Let us know if you'd like to see more of Ed's work.





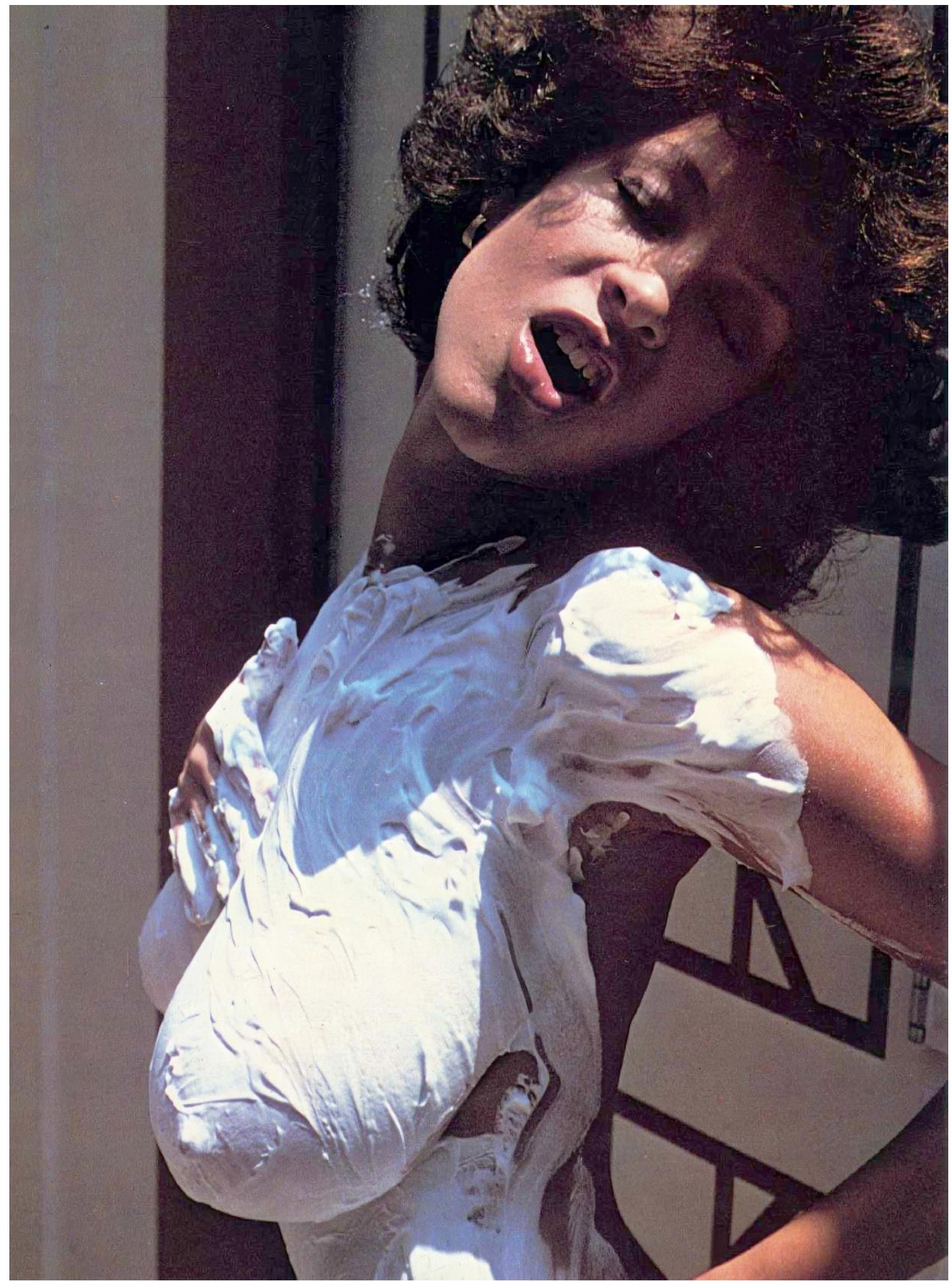
CHRIS

With a set like that, you'd think Chris was a model, or, at least, an actress. Well, she's not. But don't worry, Chris is one girl who really stands out in the crowd, and she is into performing but not like you'd imagine. Chris is a singer. Like many bluegrass and country-rock singers, Chris got her start as a child singing gospel. She says she's the daughter of a "died in the wool" Southern Baptist preacher from Kentucky. "If my daddy saw me, he'd just die." She tells us with an obvious drawl, and sticking her tongue out the inside of her cheek. "And don't believe any of those stories about how hot and horny daughters of preachers are. Truth is, we're a lot hotter and hornier than that!" She giggles. There might be more fact than fantasy in that. According to our photographer, the shooting got so hot, Chris had to hose herself off at the end. If she sings like she photographs, watch out, 'cause that stage will be sizzlin'.



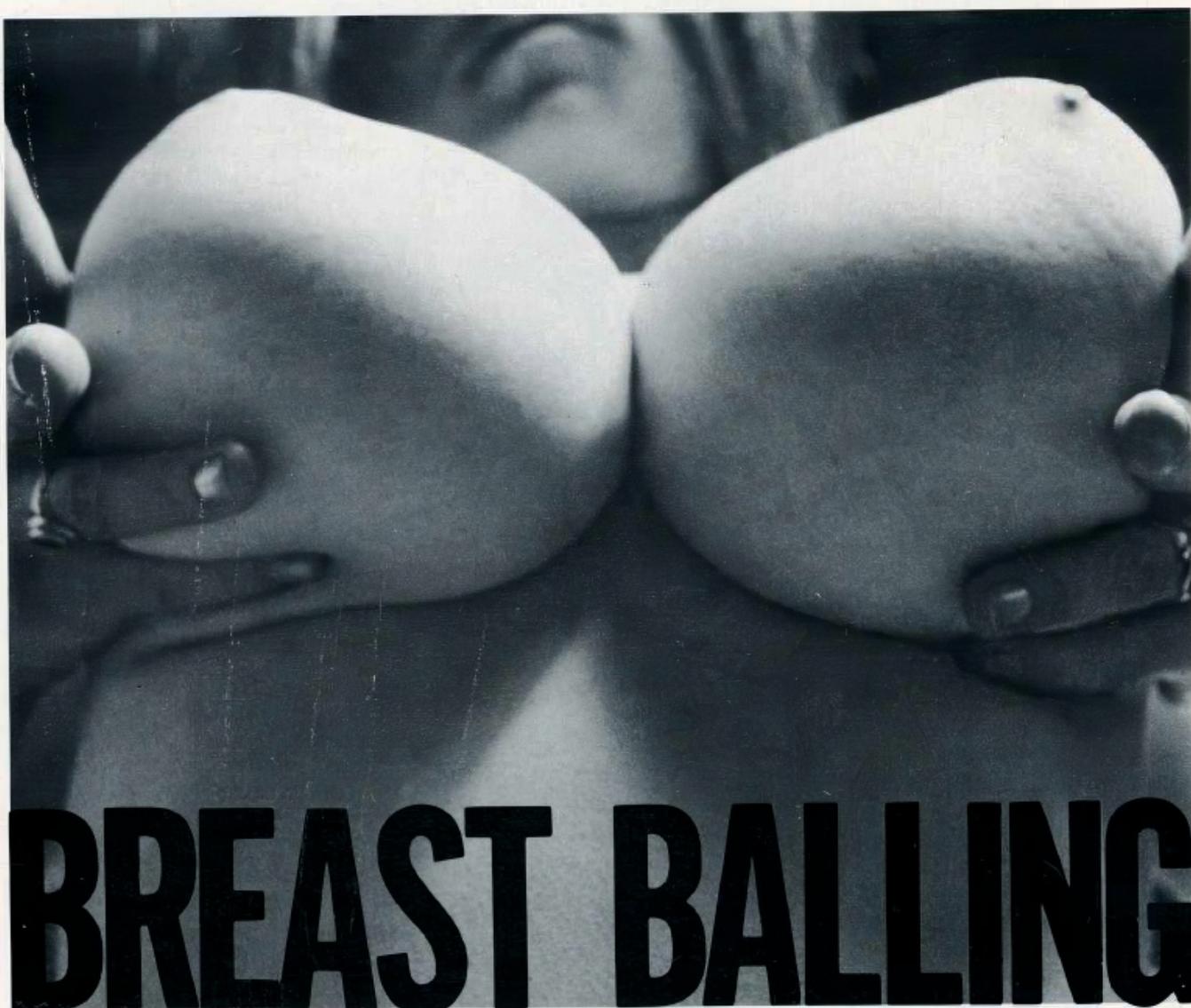






"At first, I used to be very self-conscious of my breasts," she tells us. "When I would get up to sing, I could sense that everyone's eyes were looking at my titties and not at me. But I remembered once when I was a little girl, my daddy said, if you got something people want to see, show it! So I did." And we're glad she did, even though it wasn't exactly what her father had in mind. "Now," she continues, "I have a little routine where I sort of bend over and jiggle my bosom in front of the audience. It's sort of a tease, an attention getter. It seems to work." When we asked Chris what prompted her to pose for CHOICE, she said, "I don't know. I've never been that prudish. I lost my virginity when I was seventeen. I guess, I've always been a pretty sexually liberated person. I like to be touched, especially my breasts. I'm proud of my body, and think it's all right to show it." Well, stand aside Dolly Parton, Chris is comin'!





BREAST BALLING

BY LISA GRAY

Everybody knows that most women are sensitive to having their breasts fondled and sucked. But what is not realized by most men is that "breast balling" can be the height of lovemaking rather than just a part of the foreplay. In other words, if you use your imagination you and your lady can actually get off together making love to her breasts.

There are three very popular ways among breast lovers of getting off together: breast fucking, nippling off while fucking conventionally, and masturbating to ejaculate all over her breasts while she masturbates.

Let's start with breast fucking and the case of Rose H., 33-year-old night club dancer. Rose is about 5'7", has long raven-colored hair and enormous breasts.

I've had all kinds of trouble getting off when I make love. I just can't seem to come with a man's dick inside me. When I was twelve I started playing

with my pussy in front of the mirror, and that's how I was first able to come.

As I played with my box with one hand I'd fondle my breast with the other. Even at twelve I had enormous boobs, and they turned me on. When I started fucking boys I was kind of upset. I'd looked at pictures of pricks and was really looking forward to getting screwed by a big, hard joint.

But the problem was that I couldn't come that way. I got one guy to play with my breasts while he fucked me, and that got me really hot, but I couldn't come. Of course everyone was really nice about playing with my clit 'till I did get off, but it wasn't natural. What I really liked was to make *myself* come.

So once when I was about twenty I went to bed with this really sexy dude. He fucked me really good, but before he did I had to tell him my difficulty.

"Oh, no problem Rose," he said, "We'll just find another way." Then he started playing with my breasts and

nipples. As my boobs are really large, he pushed them together. That seemed to give him an idea.

He straddled my tummy, holding my breasts together, the firm nipples standing high. Then he leaned over and shoved his big, hard dick into the small crevice between my breasts. Slowly he started thrusting back and forth in this surrogate vagina.

I could tell he was turned on by the dual sensation of fucking my breasts and having my large tits so close to him. With my hand I started to caress my box. My fingers rubbed my clit as he pumped wildly back and forth through my breasts. In a shattering climax we both came at the same time.

Since that time I ask my men to breast ball me. I haven't had anyone object. They love squeezing my large soft melons into a make-shift cunt. And I can come the way I've always loved to without depriving a guy of the pleasure of fucking.

Clara W.—30—has a different rea-

son for preferring breast balling above other ways of fucking. Clara, a buxom blonde hairdresser, says:

I like breast balling because it gives the guys a way of fucking with their pricks without my having to worry about getting knocked up. I can't take the pill and I'm not able to tolerate IUD's. And all the other methods are too sloppy to be fun.

Sixty-nine is great, but you get bored with that after a while. So once I was just playing around with my tits when I was in bed with a guy. I have large boobs, and when I pushed them together he said they looked really inviting.

Before I knew it he had straddled my middle and was pushing his erect dick between my boobs. As he was really getting hot, I turned on my vibrator and started massaging my cunt as he moved back and forth.

We both really enjoyed this method. Now when I get tired of sucking off guys and having them eat me I suggest breast balling. It's a great alternative.

Marilyn K., thirty-year-old waitress at a cafe in Reno, has a more intense reason for preferring "nipple off" to other methods of sex. Ms. K. is a tall, willowy brunette with unusually large breasts.

When I was younger, my brother and I used to "play doctor" like most kids. Even when I was twelve years old I had large breasts. My older brother was absolutely fascinated with them. From a very early age I had big nipples, too. I had nipples like a woman in her twenties when I was twelve.

Well, later I found out that my brother would peek at me when I was undressing and then go into his room and masturbate. Then he finally approached me with the "doctor" thing when I was twelve. He had me lie down on a big table and he slowly pulled off my blouse, exposing my pink nipples and big tits.

His hands would shake as he "examined" me. He'd just keep feeling my breasts and pinching slightly on the nipples. Then he'd disappear. (Now I know where he went—to jerk off in his room.) About a year later when I was about thirteen, my stepfather caught us doing this doctor thing. Instead of yelling at us he stood, transfixed, as I lay there with my breasts exposed.

Then he started to shake. I watched these men. What was it about my boobs that was driving them crazy? Pretty soon the whole scene got wilder. Both my brother and stepfather would fondle my breasts as they jerked off in the "examination" room. Some doctors!

My mother eventually found out

about this and shortly thereafter she and my stepfather were separated permanently. But the impression had been made. I realized that my tits drove men nuts. No one had ever touched or looked at my pussy. It was my big boobs that turned them on.

When I was about fourteen I had my first orgasm. It was from playing with my breasts in front of the mirror. I'd stand before the glass, slowly take off my blouse and expose my enormous tits. I'd imagine my brother and my stepfather with their eyes bulging and their dicks hard as rocks. Then I'd pinch my big nipple and look in the mirror. This one time I felt an upheaval in my tummy and suddenly these fireworks exploded all over my body and I went limp.

Jesus that felt good!

I continued to make myself come by "nipple off." Then in high school I'd wear T-shirts so the guys would go nuts looking at my tits. They'd take me out in their cars and park. Then they'd reach under my T-shirt and touch my big breasts and firm nipples. I'd start to feel the juices flowing in my body as they played with my nipples. Then I'd come. I always did. Just seeing them play with my breasts got me off. Then I'd play with them till they came.

When I was older and started fucking I was really disappointed at first. The screwing was exciting because I really loved to watch a guy shove his big dick up my box. But it didn't get me off. Then I started playing with my nipples while I was being fucked and I really came good.

Now, when a guy is making love to me I either have him play with my breasts or I do. So he can get off big fucking me and I can really hit the ceiling by having my nipples sucked, pinched or massaged until I feel that wonderful welling up in my stomach and the final ecstasy.

A third method of getting off, popular among breast lovers is for the man to ejaculate all over the woman's breasts while she masturbates.

Judy R., an assistant buyer in a large department store in Dallas, has a particular reason for enjoying this type of sex. Ms. R. is a thirty-three-year-old red head with a very shapely body and big tits.

I love the taste and feel of come. To me this is the essence of what a male is. I was raped at fifteen by my dad's farm hand, who shot semen on my breasts, and the incident has colored my whole sex life.

Clint took me into the barn and closed the door behind him. He pushed me down on the hay and stripped me. I can still feel the sensation of anticipation as I lay there

naked. Then he unzipped his pants and pulled out his big stiff tool.

He played with my pussy for a while and, as a matter of fact, he got me off. It had never happened to me before, so I didn't know what was going on.

Then Clint started to knead my breasts. They were large for my age and he really worked them over. He lay down in the hay and held me over him and started knocking my breasts back and forth. I was getting hot all over again with him playing with my tits. Clint then told me to hold his dick with my hand. He showed me how to run my hands up and down his stalk.

Then he threw me on my back again and rammed his big piece up my cunt. He was really hot, but it was hurting me and I started to scream. Putting his hand over my mouth, Clint told me not to yell or I'd get us both in trouble.

He pulled his rod out of me and climbed on my stomach. I guess he was going to shove his prick in my mouth, but he started to come all over my breasts. This was the first time I'd ever seen or felt a man's semen. It was warm and sticky as it flowed all over my boobs and nipples.

All the next week I found myself thinking about Clint and what had happened. I would touch my breasts and remember the feeling of the hot liquid on them. Then I'd play with myself to feel as good as Clint had made me feel when he fondled my creamy box.

The next weekend it was I who dragged him into the barn and closed the door. I opened my blouse and let him see my big tits. Then I placed his hands on my taught nipples. I was getting hotter than hell.

Clint started fucking me and though it didn't hurt so much this time, he was afraid of making me pregnant. So I told him I wanted him to come on my tits again. As he moved up on my stomach I reached down and started to finger my box.

Clint masturbated his hot prick until all of a sudden he came all over my breasts. Shortly thereafter my fingers brought my clit to a shattering climax.

Later Clint showed me how to suck him off. The taste of semen was great also. But I guess the other continued to turn me on the most because the first time—the time he ejaculated on my breasts—sex had been forced on me and that force was exciting.

Later when I was in high school I used to park with guys and they would suck on my big breasts and play with my cunt. They asked me to fondle them or suck them off. And I'd find that when a guy got ready to come I'd like to aim him at my breasts so that he'd shoot all over me. I just loved the feeling of that hot juice all over my boobs.

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As a grown woman I most often tell the man I'm with that I get off really good playing with myself while he comes on my tits. They love it! I have really knockout boobs and men like to handle them as much as possible.

A guy can fuck me first or I can suck on his prick, but when he's ready to come, I want it all over my boobs. Then and only then do I really get off. It's the greatest!

There are some variations of these techniques.

Mary Jo R., a sexy, bosomy singer tells of her favorite type of nippling off.

I love to have a man fuck me while he's tickling my nipples with a feather. I just go wild with this. I keep a big feather on my bedside table. They always think I want my pussy or my little ass tickled, but I say, "No, honey, Mary Jo likes her big mama's tickled."

They start to tease my nipples and my big melon breasts start to shake, and I just go through the ceiling! This makes the man who's fucking me really come big. The fellas love watching my big ol' breasts shaking like that.

Honey, there's just nothing like a guy tickling my nipples with a feather to get me off.

Another delightful side to nippling off is whip cream licking.

Says Rene B., a buxom blonde 29-year-old lawyer:

I love to squirt whipped cream all over a guy's dick and balls. Then I can take my time running my tongue on the surface of his delicious tools.

After he starts to fuck me, I have him squeeze whipped cream on my breasts. As he screws me he licks the sweet substance off my boobs and tongues my nipples, anxious to get all the cream. I love it. I get hotter than hell as I feel the warm wet tongue on my nipples.

My breasts have always been very sensitive. I really get turned on having them licked and nipped. Guys dig ripping off my clothes and exposing my big, luscious breasts. But after a few minutes of going crazy over my tits, they want to get into fucking.

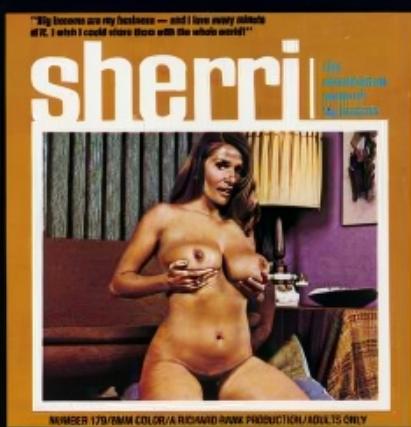
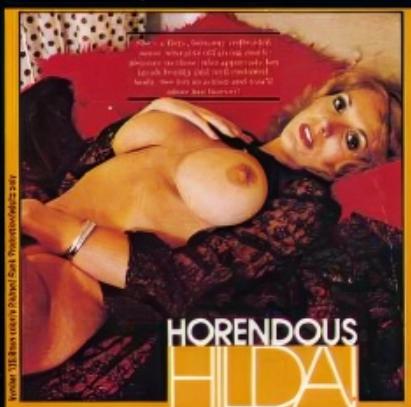
Since I get off best having my nipples sucked and played with until I come, I thought of the thing with the whipped cream. That keeps them licking longer. And then I really can be fucked and sucked together until I come.

These are just a few of the ways breast lovers can get off together. Of course, before you get into these, you should also stimulate a woman by sucking on her nipples. This goes for any kind of fucking. Most women are very sensitive in their breasts. ☺



"Mister Krotchburn, you do NOT have kitchen privileges!"

B.B.H.Q.*



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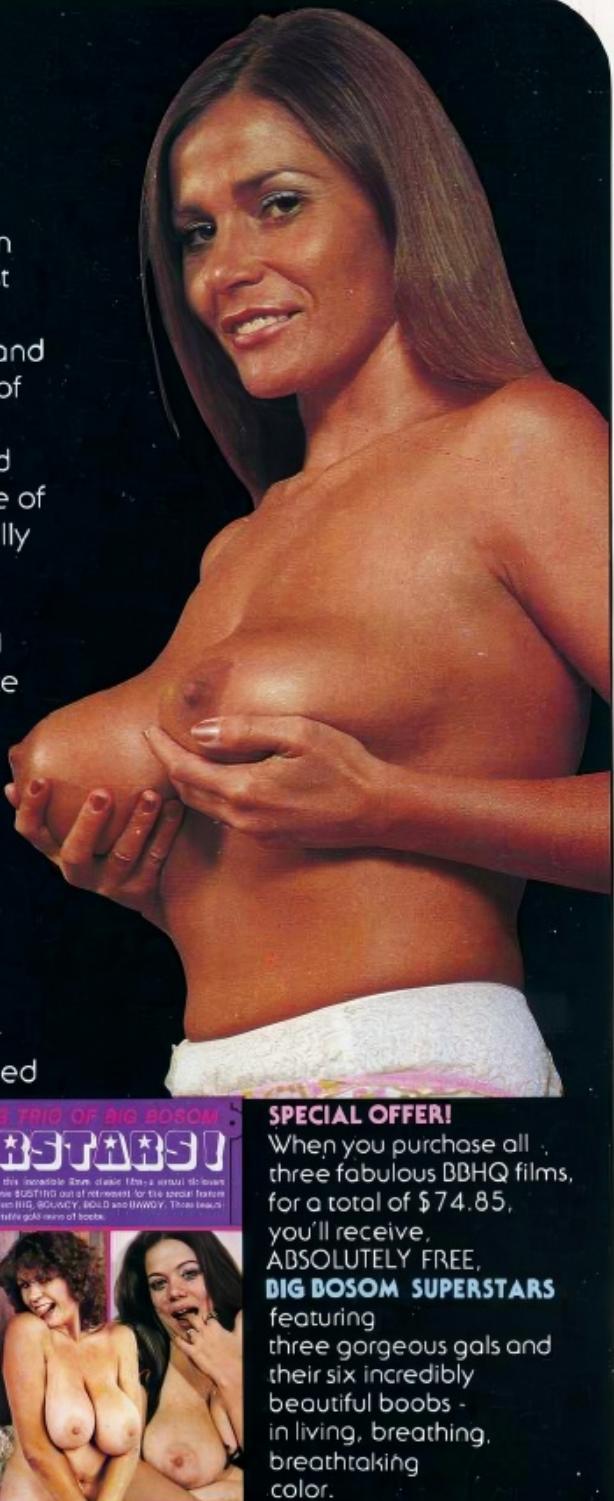
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